

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR."—SHAKESPEARE.

# ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

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## A STRANGE STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY NOVEL," "RIENZI," &c.

### CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE conversation with Mrs. Poyntz left my mind restless and disquieted. I had no doubt, indeed, of Lilian's truth, but could I be sure that the attentions of a young man, with advantages of fortune so brilliant, would not force on her thoughts the contrast of the humbler lot and the duller walk of life in which she had accepted as companion a man removed from her romantic youth less by disparity of years than by gravity of pursuits? And would my suit now be as welcomed as it had been by a mother even so unworldly as Mrs. Ashleigh? Why, too, should both mother and daughter have left me so unprepared to hear that I had a rival? Why not have implied some consoling assurance that such rivalry need not cause me alarm? Lilian's letters, it is true, touched but little on any of the persons round her—they were filled with the outpourings of an ingenuous heart, coloured by the glow of a golden fancy. They were written as if in the wide world we two stood apart, alone, consecrated from the crowd by the love that, in linking us together, had hallowed each to the other. Mrs. Ashleigh's letters were more general and diffusive, detailed the habits of the household, sketched the guests, intimated her continued fear of Lady Houghton, but had said nothing more of Mr. Ashleigh Sumner than I had repeated to Mrs. Poyntz. However, in my letter to Lilian I related the intelligence that had reached me, and impatiently I awaited her reply.

Three days after the interview with Mrs. Poyntz, and two days before the long-anticipated event of the mayor's ball, I was summoned to attend a nobleman who had lately been added to my list of patients, and whose residence was about twelve miles from L—. The nearest way was through Sir Philip Derval's park. I went on horseback, and proposed to stop on the way to inquire after the steward, whom I had seen but once since his fit, and that was two days after it, when he called himself at my house to thank me for my attendance, and to declare that he was quite recovered.

As I rode somewhat fast through Sir P. Derval's park, I came, however, upon the steward, just in front of the house. I reined in my horse and accosted him. He looked very cheerful.

"Sir," said he, in a whisper, "I have heard from Sir Philip; his letter is dated since—since—my good woman told you what I saw;—well, since then. So that it must have been all a delusion of mine, as you told her. And yet, well—well—we will not talk of it, doctor. But I hope you have kept the secret. Sir Philip would not like to hear of it, if he comes back."

"Your secret is quite safe with me. But is Sir Philip likely to come back?"

"I hope so, doctor. His letter is dated Paris, and that's nearer home than he has been for many years; and—but bless me—some one is coming out of the house? a young gentleman! Who can it be?"

I looked, and to my surprise I saw Margrave descending the stately stairs that led from the front door. The steward turned towards him, and I mechanically followed, for I was curious to know what had brought Margrave to the house of the long-absent traveller.

It was easily explained. Mr. Margrave had heard at L— much of the pictures and internal decorations of the mansion. He had, by dint of coaxing (he said, with his enchanting laugh), persuaded the old housekeeper to show him the rooms.

"It is against Sir Philip's positive orders to show the house to any stranger, sir; and the housekeeper has done very wrong," said the steward.

"Pray don't scold her. I dare say Sir Philip would not have refused me a permission he might not give to every idle sight-seer. Fellow-travellers have a freemasonry with each other; and I have been much in the same far countries as himself. I heard of him there, and could tell you more about him, I dare say, than you know yourself."

"You, sir! pray do then."

"The next time I come," said Margrave, gaily; and with a nod to me, he glided off through the trees of the neighbouring grove, along the winding footpath that led to the lodge.

"A very cool gentleman," muttered the steward; "but what pleasant ways he has. You seem to know him, sir. Who is he—may I ask?"

"Mr. Margrave. A visitor at L—, and he

has been a great traveller, as he says; perhaps he met Sir Philip abroad."

"I must go and hear what he said to Mrs. Gates; excuse me, sir, but I am so anxious about Sir Philip."

"If it be not too great a favour, may I be allowed the same privilege granted to Mr. Margrave? To judge by the outside of the house, the inside must be worth seeing; still, if it be against Sir Philip's positive orders—"

"His orders were not to let the Court become a show-house—to admit none without my consent—but I should be ungrateful indeed, doctor, if I refused that consent to you."

I tied my horse to the rusty gate of the terrace-walk, and followed the steward up the broad stairs of the terrace. The great doors were unlocked. We entered a lofty hall with a domed ceiling; at the back of the hall the grand staircase ascended by a double flight. The design was undoubtedly Vanbrugh's, an architect who, beyond all others, sought the effect of grandeur less in space than in proportion. But Vanbrugh's designs need the relief of costume and movement, and the forms of a more pompous generation, in the bravery of velvets and laces, glancing amid those gilded columns, or descending with stately tread those broad palatial stairs. His halls and chambers are so made for festival and throng, that they become like deserted theatres, inexpressibly desolate, as we miss the glitter of the lamps and the movement of the actors.

The housekeeper had now appeared; a quiet, timid old woman. She excused herself for admitting Margrave—not very intelligibly. It was plain to see that she had, in truth, been unable to resist what the steward termed his "pleasant ways."

As if to escape from a scolding, she talked volubly all the time, bustling nervously through the rooms, along which I followed her guidance with a hushed footstep. The principal apartments were on the ground floor, or rather a floor raised some ten or fifteen feet above the ground; they had not been modernised since the date in which they were built. Hangings of faded silk; tables of rare marble, and mouldered gilding; comfortless chairs at drill against the walls; pictures, of which connoisseurs alone could estimate the value, darkened by dust or blistered by sun and damp, made a general character of discomfort. On not one room, on not one nook, still lingered some old smile of Home.

Meanwhile, I gathered from the housekeeper's rambling answers to questions put to her by the steward, as I moved on, glancing at the pictures, that Margrave's visit that day was not his first. He had been over the house twice before; his ostensible excuse that he was an amateur in pictures (though, as I have before observed, for that department of art he had no taste); but each time he had talked much of Sir Philip. He said that though not personally known to him, he had resided in the same towns abroad, and had friends equally intimate with Sir Philip; but when the steward inquired if the visitor had

given any information as to the absentee, it became very clear that Margrave had been rather asking questions, than volunteering intelligence.

We had now come to the end of the state apartments, the last of which was a library. "And," said the old woman, "I don't wonder the gentleman knew Sir Philip, for he seemed a scholar, and looked very hard over the books, especially those old ones by the fireplace, which Sir Philip, Heaven bless him, was always poring over."

Mechanically I turned to the shelves by the fireplace, and examined the volumes ranged in that department. I found they contained the works of those writers whom we may class together under the title of mystics—Porphry and Plotinus; Swedenborg and Behmen; Sandivogius, Van Helmont, Paracelsus, Cardan. Works, too, were there, by writers less renowned, on astrology, geomancy, chiromancy, &c. I began to understand among what class of authors Margrave had picked up the strange notions with which he was apt to interpolate the doctrines of practical philosophy.

"I suppose this library was Sir Philip's usual sitting-room?" said I.

"No, sir; he seldom sat here. This was his study;" and the old woman opened a small door, masked by false book backs. I followed her into a room of moderate size, and evidently of much earlier date than the rest of the house. "It is the only room left of an older mansion," said the steward, in answer to my remark. "I have heard it was spared on account of the chimney-piece. But there is a Latin inscription which will tell you all about it. I don't know Latin myself."

The chimney-piece reached to the ceiling. The frieze of the lower part rested on rude stone caryatides; in the upper part were oak panels very curiously carved in the geometrical designs favoured by the taste prevalent in the reigns of Elizabeth and James, but different from any I had ever seen in drawings of old houses. And I was not quite unlearned in such matters, for my poor father was a passionate antiquarian in all that relates to mediæval art. The design in the oak panels was composed of triangles interlaced with varied ingenuity, and enclosed in circular bands inscribed with the signs of the Zodiac.

On the stone frieze supported by the caryatides, immediately under the woodwork, was inserted a metal plate, on which was written, in Latin, a few lines to the effect that "in this room, Simon Forman, the seeker of hidden truth, taking refuge from unjust persecution, made those discoveries in nature which he committed, for the benefit of a wiser age, to the charge of his protector and patron, the worshipful Sir Miles Derval, knight."

Forman! The name was not quite unfamiliar to me; but it was not without an effort that my memory enabled me to assign it to one of the most notorious of those astrologers or soothsayers whom the superstition of an earlier age alternately persecuted and honoured.

The general character of the room was more cheerful than the statelier chambers I had hitherto passed through, for it had still the look of habitation. The arm-chair by the fireplace; the knee-hole writing-table beside it; the sofa near the recess of a large bay-window, with book-prop and candlestick screwed to its back; maps, coiled in their cylinders, ranged under the cornice; low strong safes, skirting two sides of the room, and apparently intended to hold papers and title-deeds; seals carefully affixed to their jealous locks. Placed on the top of these old-fashioned receptacles were articles familiar to modern use; a fowling-piece here; fishing-rods there; two or three simple flower vases; a pile of music-books; a box of crayons. All in this room seemed to speak of residence and ownership—of the idiosyncrasies of a lone single man, it is true, but of a man of one's own time—a country gentleman of plain habits but not uncultivated tastes.

I moved to the window; it opened by a sash upon a large balcony, from which a wooden stair wound to a little garden, not visible in front of the house, surrounded by a thick grove of ever-greens, through which one broad vista was cut; and that vista was closed by a view of the mausoleum.

I stepped out into the garden—a patch of sward with a fountain in the centre—and parterres, now more filled with weeds than flowers. At the left corner was a tall wooden summer-house or pavilion—its door wide open. “Oh, that’s where Sir Philip used to study many a long summer’s night,” said the steward.

“What! in that damp pavilion?”

“It was a pretty place enough then, sir; but it is very old. They say as old as the room you have just left.”

“Indeed, I must look at it, then.” The walls of this summer-house had once been painted in the arabesques of the Renaissance period; but the figures were now scarcely traceable. The woodwork had started in some places, and the sunbeams stole through the chinks and played on the floor, which was formed from old tiles quaintly tessellated and in triangular patterns, similar to those I had observed in the chimney-piece. The room, in the pavilion, was large, furnished with old wormeaten tables and settles.

“It was not only here that Sir Philip studied, but sometimes in the room above,” said the steward.

“How do you get to the room above? Oh, I see; a staircase in the angle.” I ascended the stairs with some caution, for they were crooked and decayed; and, on entering the room above, comprehended at once why Sir Philip had favoured it.

The cornice of the ceiling rested on pilasters, within which the compartments were formed into open unglazed arches, surrounded by a railed balcony. Through these arches, on three sides of the room, the eye commanded a magnificent extent of prospect. On the fourth side the

view was bounded by the mausoleum. In this room was a large telescope, and on stepping into the balcony, I saw that a winding stair mounted thence to a platform on the top of the pavilion—perhaps once used as an observatory by Forman himself.

“The gentleman who was here to-day was very much pleased with this look-out, sir,” said the housekeeper.

“Who would not be? I suppose Sir Philip has a taste for astronomy.”

“I dare say, sir,” said the steward, looking grave; “he likes most out-of-the-way things.”

The position of the sun now warned me that my time pressed, and that I should have to ride fast to reach my new patient at the hour appointed. I therefore hastened back to my horse, and spurred on, wondering whether, in that chain of association which so subtly links our pursuits in manhood to our impressions in childhood, it was the Latin inscription on the chimney-piece that had originally biased Sir Philip Derval’s literary taste towards the mystic jargon of the books at which I had contemptuously glanced.

#### CHAPTER XXIX.

I DID not see Margrave the following day, but the next morning, a little after sunrise, he walked into my study, according to his ordinary habit.

“So you know something about Sir Philip Derval?” said I. “What sort of man is he?”

“Hateful!” cried Margrave; and then checking himself, burst out into his merry laugh. “Just like my exaggerations! I am not acquainted with anything to his prejudice. I came across his track once or twice in the East. Travellers are always apt to be jealous of each other.”

“You are a strange compound of cynicism and credulity. But I should have fancied that you and Sir Philip would have been congenial spirits, when I found, among his favourite books, Van Helmont and Paracelsus. Perhaps you, too, study Swedenborg, or, worse still, Ptolemy and Lilly?”

“Astrologers? No! They deal with the future! I live for the day; only I wish the day never had a morrow!”

“Have you not, then, that vague desire for the *something beyond*; that not unhappy, but grand discontent with the limits of the immediate Present, from which Man takes his passion for improvement and progress, and from which some sentimental philosophers have deduced an argument in favour of his destined immortality?”

“Eh!” said Margrave, with as vacant a stare as that of a peasant whom one has addressed in Hebrew. “What farrago of words is this? I do not comprehend you.”

“With your natural abilities,” I asked with interest, “do you never feel a desire for fame?”

“Fame! Certainly not. I cannot even understand it!”

“Well, then, would you have no pleasure in the thought that you had rendered a service to humanity?”

Margrave looked bewildered. After a moment’s pause, he took from the table a piece of bread

that chanced to be there, opened the window, and threw the crumbs into the lane. The sparrows gathered round the crumbs.

"Now," said Margrave, "the sparrows come to that dull pavement for the bread that recruits their lives in this world; do you believe that one sparrow would be silly enough to fly to a house-top for the sake of some benefit to other sparrows, or to be chattered about after he was dead? I care for science as the sparrow cares for bread; it may help me to something good for my own life, and as for fame and humanity, I care for them as the sparrow cares for the general interest and posthumous approbation of sparrows!"

"Margrave; there is one thing in you that perplexes me more than all else—human puzzle as you are—in your many eccentricities and self-contradictions."

"What is that one thing in me most perplexing?"

"This; that in your enjoyment of Nature you have all the freshness of a child, but when you speak of Man and his objects in the world, you talk in the vein of some worn-out and hoary cynic. At such times, were I to close my eyes, I should say to myself, 'What weary old man is thus venting his spleen against the ambition which has failed, and the love which has forsaken him?' Outwardly the very personation of youth, and revelling like a butterfly in the warmth of the sun and the tints of the herbage, why have you none of the golden passions of the young? their bright dreams of some impossible love—their sublime enthusiasm for some unattainable glory? The sentiment you have just clothed in the illustration by which you place yourself on a level with the sparrows is too mean and too gloomy to be genuine at your age. Misanthropy is among the dismal fallacies of greybeards. No man, till man's energies leave him, can divorce himself from the bonds of our social kind."

"Our kind—your kind, possibly! But I——" He swept his hand over his brow, and resumed, in strange, absent, and wistful accents: "I wonder what it is that is wanting here, and of which at moments I have a dim reminiscence." Again he paused, and gazing on me, said with more appearance of friendly interest than I had ever before remarked in his countenance, "You are not looking well. Despite your great physical strength, you suffer like your own sickly patients."

"True! I suffer at this moment, but not from bodily pain."

"You have some cause of mental disquietude?"

"Who in this world has not?"

"I never have."

"Because you own you have never loved; certainly, you never seem to care for any one but yourself; and in yourself you find an unbroken sunny holiday—high spirits, youth, health, beauty, wealth. Happy boy!"

At that moment my heart was heavy within me. Margrave resumed:

"Among the secrets which your knowledge places at the command of your art, what would you give for one which would enable you to defy and deride a rival where you place your affections, which could lock to yourself, and imperiously control, the will of the being whom you desire to fascinate, by an influence paramount, transcendent?"

"Love has that secret," said I, "and love alone."

"A power stronger than love can suspend, can change, love itself. But if love be the object or dream of your life, love is the rosy associate of youth and beauty. Beauty soon fades, youth soon departs. What if in nature there were means by which beauty and youth can be fixed into blooming duration—means that could arrest the course, nay, repair the effects, of time on the elements that make up the human frame?"

"Silly boy! Have the Rosicrucians bequeathed to you a prescription for the elixir of life?"

"If I had the prescription I should not ask your aid to discover its ingredients."

"And is it in the hope of that notable discovery you have studied chemistry, electricity, and magnetism? Again I say, Silly boy!"

Margrave did not heed my reply. His face was overcast, gloomy, troubled.

"That the vital principle is a gas," said he, abruptly, "I am fully convinced. Can that gas be the one which combines caloric with oxygen?"

"Phosoxxygen? Sir Humphry Davy demonstrates that gas not to be, as Lavoisier supposed, caloric, but light, combined with oxygen, and he suggests, not indeed that it is the vital principle itself, but the pabulum of life to organic beings."\*

"Does he?" said Margrave, his face clearing up. "Possibly, possibly then, here we approach the great secret of secrets. Look you, Allen Fenwick, I promise to secure to you unfailing security from all the jealous fears that now torture your heart; if you care for that fame which to me is not worth the scent of a flower, the balm of a breeze, I will impart to you a knowledge which, in the hands of ambition, would dwarf into common-place the boasted wonders of recognised science. I will do all this, if, in return, but for one month you will give yourself up to my guidance in whatever experiments I ask, no matter how wild they may seem to you."

"My dear Margrave, I reject your bribes as I would reject the moon and the stars which a child might offer to me in exchange for a toy. But I may give the child its toy for nothing, and I may test your experiments for nothing some day when I have leisure."

I did not hear Margrave's answer, for at that moment my servant entered with letters. Lilian's hand! Tremblingly, breathlessly, I broke the seal. Such a loving, bright, happy letter; so

\* See Sir Humphry Davy on Heat, Light, and the Combinations of Light.



sweet in its gentle chiding of my wrongful fears. It was implied rather than said that Ashleigh Sumner had proposed and been refused. He had now left the house. Lillian and her mother were coming back; in a few days we should meet. In this letter were enclosed a few lines from Mrs. Ashleigh. She was more explicit about my rival than Lillian had been. If no allusion to his attentions had been made to me before, it was from a delicate consideration for myself. Mrs. Ashleigh said that "the young man had heard from L—— of our engagement, and—disbelieved it;" but, as Mrs. Poyntz had so shrewdly predicted, hurried at once to the avowal of his own attachment, and the offer of his own hand. On Lillian's refusal his pride had been deeply mortified. He had gone away manifestly in more anger than sorrow. "Lady Delafield, dear Margaret Poyntz's aunt, had been most kind in trying to soothe Lady Haughton's disappointment, which was rudely expressed—so rudely," added Mrs. Ashleigh, "that it gives us an excuse to leave sooner than had been proposed—which I am very glad of. Lady Delafield feels much for Mr. Sumner; has invited him to visit her at a place she has near Worthing: she leaves to-morrow in order to receive him; promises to reconcile him to our rejection, which, as he was my poor Gilbert's heir, and was very friendly at first, would be a great relief to my mind. Lillian is well, and so happy at the thoughts of coming back."

When I lifted my eyes from these letters I was as a new man, and the earth seemed a new earth. I felt as if I *had* realised Margrave's idle dreams—as if youth could never fade, love could never grow cold.

"You care for no secrets of mine at this moment," said Margrave, abruptly.

"Secrets," I murmured; "none now are worth knowing. I am loved—I am loved!"

"I bide my time," said Margrave; and as my eyes met his, I saw there a look I had never seen in those eyes before—sinister, wrathful, menacing. He turned away, went out through the sash door of the study; and as he passed towards the fields under the luxuriant chestnut-trees, I heard his musical, barbaric chant—the song by which the serpent-charmer charms the serpent;—sweet, so sweet—the very birds on the boughs hushed their carol as if to listen.

#### IN AND OUT OF SCHOOL.

It is an old notion, and in the main a true one, that we do not often get original thought out of a man with an extensive memory. Memory comes of attention, and one cannot easily have the strength of an equal memory without the weakness of an equal disposition to attend to everything. I never am impressed with stories about Julius Caesar and others, who were able to do half a dozen things at once—read a letter on one subject, hear a letter on another, write a letter on a third, and dictate a letter on a

fourth, while they beat time with their feet to one tune, whistled another in the intervals of dictation, played a game of chess with the left hand, and took part by expressive grimace in a theological controversy, all during the odd minutes when they were being shaved and washed, and brushed and oiled, and put into their clothes. Very well I know that whenever Julius Caesar had anything serious to attend to, he gave his entire mind to it, and, for the time being, had spare attention to bestow on nothing else.

Here is the whole history and mystery of the bad general memory of men who excel greatly in any one pursuit, by giving to it as far as the way of the world permits a whole and sole attention. With their busy minds attentive to their own work while their bodies are inactive, and while they may look like the very idlers, they withdraw so much attention from the odds and ends of talk and incident by which they are surrounded, that these never take a fair hold on the mind. The scholar's absence of mind is the absence of his mind from that which is not his affair, and the presence of it with his own proper work in life. To that only, he is able to give undivided and continuous attention. A diffuse and too universally ready memory is, therefore, no sign of intellectual strength; and even in children—as we commonly read that the man of genius was taken for a dunce at school—slowness of general apprehension may be the result of an earnestness that fastens with especial energy upon some chosen objects of attention.

From the first moment of a baby's "taking notice," to the fixed heavenward gaze from the death-bed, the power of attention is as the very life-blood of our minds and souls. It is not a thing to be spilt idly, though the world is full of bores who are ready at every turn to bleed us of it with their little pins and fleams of talk. To nourish and strengthen it in childhood and youth, is to do for the mind what we do for the body by securing to its life-blood purity and fulness. It is not only that during early years of life the secret of successful teaching for good or for evil is the full securing of attention, but it is necessary that the youth should pass into manhood blessed in his mind with a *sound habit* of attention, if his intellectual life is not to be through manhood weak.

Of the truth of this old principle, which has been dwelt upon for many a year by the metaphysicians, practical evidence of the most striking kind has lately been brought together in a body of facts that would seem to many people very nearly incredible, if they were not fully supported by each other, and authenticated by the best of witnesses.

For, it is set forth, not as mere probability, but as a proved fact, that half a day is better than a whole day of school-teaching. If three hours instead of six be given daily to the school-master, and be so managed that the pupil is physically and mentally able to give bright undivided attention to the whole of his work, he not only can learn absolutely as much as the child

who is compelled through a six-hour routine; it is his further gain that what he knows he knows more literally "by heart," knows with a relish: while he is sent out into the world with a habit of close study, so assured that he hardly knows what it is to apply his mind with half attention to a duty.

The second half of the day, which now, being spent in the schoolroom spoils the whole, if it be devoted to gymnastics, drill, athletic sport, or (in the case of those who must work with their parents for the bread they eat) to labour in the house and field, can and does serve to train a sound body while helping to a fuller ripeness of the mind. We say, not theoretically that it would do, but practically, and from the wide experience of many, that it does this. Here, for example, is a heap of evidence.

Mr. William Stuckey, who is teaching eighty children at Richmond, and has worked for more than a quarter of a century in schools of seven hundred, of a hundred and eighty, and of a hundred scholars, testifies that in his experience "two hours in the morning and one in the afternoon is about as long as a bright voluntary attention can be secured." Particular children could sustain attention longer, but they would be scarcely five per cent of the whole number taught. With efficient teaching of an interesting subject, he has found that no one lesson could with advantage be pressed beyond half an hour. "The benefits," he says, "of enforced attention are small. With young children, of the average age attending British schools, if you get a quarter of an hour's attention, and having prolonged the lesson to half an hour, then recapitulate, you will find that the last quarter of an hour's teaching had nearly driven out what the first quarter of an hour put in." Mr. Imeson, who has been for eight-and-twenty years a teacher, and has taught children of all classes, is of the same opinion. Study, or the attempt at it, for seven hours a day, destroys, he says, the willing mind. Mr. Isaac Pugh, who has taught during thirty years of work about three thousand boys, says that with boys of the higher classes, attention has been kept on the stretch for two hours in the morning, and afterwards from the same class he might get an hour's positive attention in the afternoon, but even that could not be done day after day. Mr. Cawthorne, after twelve years' experience, agrees with Mr. Pugh; but considering his low estimate to refer to the silent working system, thinks that with a different system half an hour's additional attention might be got in the morning, and as much more in the afternoon. But it is not all equally good. Even with varied relief lessons, he says: "In the morning we find the last half-hour very wearying; in the afternoon we find the first half-hour bright, the next half-hour less bright, and the last half-hour worse than useless." Mr. Donaldson, of Glasgow, who has for eight years taught in large schools, gives a table. He says:

"My experience as to the length of time children closely and voluntarily attend to a lesson, is:

Children of from 5 to 7 years of age, about 15 minutes.

"	7 to 10	"	20	"
"	10 to 12	"	25	"
"	12 to 16 or 18	"	30	"

I have repeatedly obtained a bright voluntary attention from each of these classes for 5, 10, or 15 minutes more, but I observed it was always at the expense of the succeeding lesson; or, on fine days, when the forenoon's work was enthusiastically performed, it was at the expense of the afternoon's work. I find the girls generally attend better and longer than the boys, to lessons on grammar and composition; the boys better and longer than the girls, to geography, history, arithmetic, and lessons on science."

Mr. Bolton, head-master of a Half-Time Factory School at Bradford, where nearly five hundred children are now being taught, and who has had seven years' experience of the half-time system, after seven years' experience of full-time teaching, says that he finds the half-time scholars "more advanced. They come fresh from work to school, and they go fresh from school to work. I believe that the alteration is in both ways beneficial." To which Mr. Walkers, one of the firm in whose factory the same children are employed, adds his testimony that, "where I had to complain one hundred times thirty years ago, I now have scarcely to complain once." He is asked, "Do you find your commercial interest in the improvement?" and answers, "Most decidedly, notwithstanding that we spend a very large sum on the school every year." As the half-day's work brightens attention to the schooling, so the half-day's schooling, in its turn, brightens attention to the work.

Mr. Long, who is teaching in one large school both sorts of pupils, says that in his experience of six years, "the half-time, or factory boys, give us a more fixed attention than the others; they seem to be more anxious to get on, and I believe that in general attainments they are quite equal to the full-time scholars." Mr. Curtis, after nineteen years of teaching in a large school at Rochdale where some hundreds are taught, rather more than half the number being half-timers, says "the progress of the half-timers is greater in proportion than that of the full-timers," and that they are, from having begun early to work, preferred by gentlemen who give employment.

Mr. Davenport, a machine-maker, employing five or six hundred workpeople, gives indeed, as an employer, very emphatic testimony on this head. He says: "In my experience as an employer, the short-time scholars are decidedly preferable to the full-time scholars, or those who have been exclusively occupied in book instruction. I find the boys who have had the half-time industrial training, who have been engaged by us as clerks or otherwise, better and more apt to business than those who have had only the usual school teaching of persons of the middle class, and who came to us with premiums. In fact, we have declined to take any more of that class, though they offer premiums. They give too much trouble, and require too much attention."

Another teacher, after ten years' large experience, says, not only that the half-time scholars get on as fast as the others, but adds his belief "that it is the impression of parents that their children get on as well in their book instruction in half as in full time;" and when he has had to select pupil teachers he has found that nearly all, or full three-fourths, have been taken from half-timers. Mr. Turner, at Forden, teaching a hundred and sixty children, of whom seventy come only for half the day, says that he finds the half-time scholars "fully equal in attainments to the full-time scholars. I am not," he adds, "prepared to account for it, but the fact is decidedly so."

We might go on accumulating evidence like this, and add the experience of Mr. Hammersley, head-master of the Manchester School of Arts, a gentleman who has been for twenty years an Art teacher. Before visiting Rochdale, he says: "I had examined many schools in Manchester and its neighbourhood, and I had, in every case, with one exception, found that the *short-time schools gave me the most satisfactory results*. I was able in these schools to eliminate a large number of successful works out of which to select the prize students, and the *general character of the drawing was better, and in every case the drawing was executed with greater promptitude*. When I examined the Rochdale school, these peculiarities were startlingly evident, and I could not resist making a marked public statement to this effect. The discipline of each school was excellent, the regularity of action and the quickness of perception such as I was in no wise prepared for; and at the time I could not have resisted (even if I had wished to resist) the conviction that this mainly arose from the feeling possessing the whole of the children that time was valuable and opportunity passing. Every one worked for him or her self, and thus was generated, as it appeared to me, a strong feeling of self-reliance, and, unconsciously to the learner, a respect for labour and a belief in the value of individual effort."

To this, we shall all come some of these days. We shall have schools for pupils of all classes in which no more than the natural power of attention will be occupied, and where that will be strengthened instead of sickened and debilitated by excessive strain. The headwork will be balanced with the gymnastic discipline and the drill, that give ease and precision to the movements of the body, with a wholesome vigour to the mind. But already the time is come when the truth now established should be applied to the education of the children of the poor. One great difficulty is removed when the boy's help in the home is left to the parent, and it is only for half the day that he is claimed by the school-master, to be brightened even for home service while he is trained for an active, thoughtful, everywhere earnest, manhood.

But there is more to be considered. Every schoolhouse in which children are now overtaxed becomes doubled in size, when the day is found long enough for the teaching of two sets of

pupils. Every schoolhouse, too, in which teachers are now underpaid may yield better temptation to the bright wit that is necessary for the right presentment of instruction to the child brightly attentive.

And here we have touched upon the other half of a great question. Quite as important as the getting of a right and full attention from the child, is the securing of the best possible teachers. It has been said that mechanics' sons become teachers in national schools, that their occupation "wants rather good sense and quiet intelligence than a very inquisitive mind, or very brilliant talents, and the prospects which it affords appear well calculated for the class of persons best fitted for it." The truth is, that no genius can be too brilliant, no wisdom too deep or too practical, for the use of the elementary teacher, who should be also of purest mind, and to whose calling there should be high social honour paid. The younger the child, the more is it desirable that there should be the divine image in man as far as possible presented by his teacher.

We have always upheld in this journal, and its predecessor, the absolute duty of the state to aid vigorously in support of education for the masses of the people. To us, it certainly has never seemed a terrible thing that the education department of the Privy Council, which started in 1839 with an expenditure of thirty thousand a year towards the education of the people, now spends eight hundred thousand on that necessary work. The cost of peace defences is a long way below that of war defences even yet, although we do raise many warriors by help of the voluntary principle. The grants of the Privy Council have been made in aid of voluntary effort, with a few exceptions. One of these exceptions is a "capitation fee" for every child attending school a certain number of times; another, the establishment of three dozen training colleges for teachers; another, the bestowal of a grant in augmentation of salary to school teachers who have obtained certificates.

But because it has appeared that in many schools there was bad teaching—children being crammed with showy knowledge and imperfectly grounded in the rudiments of education—a sudden backward rush has been made by the Committee of Privy Council, in a minute dated the twenty-ninth of last July. It sets forth a Revised Educational Code, which is now suspended, because of the public outcry raised against it, until the last day of March next year, and which stands over, of course, for full debate in the next session of parliament. The gist of it, is, that there is a rush back upon Reading, Writing, and Arithmetic, and an abandonment through panic of all the advanced posts lately occupied. The grants for books, maps, diagrams, and scientific apparatus, and upon drawing certificates—the grant also of a hundred a year to lecturers in training institutions—will, if this new code prevail, be swept away; capitation grant is not only denied most properly to every child in a national school unable to satisfy the in-

spector in reading, writing, and arithmetic—we could commend harder penalties on proved neglect of the most elementary training—but no grant is allowed for the teaching of a child more than eleven years old. It is also unreasonably demanded that the little ones in the infant schools, many of whom are only in the elements of talking, should pass an examination, and show themselves able to read narratives in monosyllables, make letters on the black board, and figures on a slate, before there shall be any allowance made on their behalf. Again, the grants of from fifteen to thirty pounds a year in aid of salary to the certificated schoolmaster, who works under inspection, are to be abolished. The work of the training colleges is undermined, and the further existence of the present pupil-teacher system threatened by the substitution of an apprenticeship readily terminable, in a school faintly supported by the new mind of the government that resolves to look to education in “the three Rs,” and to nothing else. Inspectors are to attend only to proficiency in reading, writing, and arithmetic; and teachers are to get credit or aid from government only on that account, while the public education of all children beyond the age of eleven is discountenanced.

It is argued that state help ought not to supplant voluntary aid. A famous thing that is at present to rely upon, for the instruction of a people! As the Rev. J. Fraser, an assistant commissioner, says of one specimen district which comprises Hereford and Sherborne: “Think of a duke owning all the property in a parish, the ratable value of which is upwards of five thousand pounds, yet not subscribing a sixpence to the school, the whole cost of which has to be borne by a clergyman with seven children, whose living is barely a net four hundred pounds a year! Think of a general in the army and a member of parliament, who may therefore be presumed to be a man with a competency, drawing twelve hundred pounds a year from a parish—four hundred pounds of it in great tithes—and saying that he could not promise anything regularly to the school, as though a school could be maintained in a state of efficiency on irregular promises! Think of a nobleman of great wealth, and of opinions favourable to the elevation of the poorer classes, in return for an income of two thousand pounds a year accruing from a parish, remitting three guineas’ subscription to the school, with the bitter jest accompanying it, ‘You know I let you have your premises rent free, and I consider that worth another twenty pounds a year!’ Think of another peer contributing thirty-five pounds a year to the support of the school in the parish where his mansion stands, and in the very next parish, from which he is said to derive an income of four thousand pounds a year, and which has twice the population, limiting his liberality to a subscription of five pounds—just one-seventh of the amount! Think elsewhere of a proprietor of eighteen hundred pounds a year subscribing three pounds to the school, but

(that he may not be out of pocket) receiving back three pounds ten as rent for the room in which it is held! Think of the united subscriptions of the landowners in a parish of eight thousand acres of the best land in Herefordshire, whose rental must be at least twelve thousand pounds a year, two of them peers of the realm, and one a very wealthy peer, amounting to eighteen pounds; the cost of the school meanwhile (which is one of the largest and best in Herefordshire) being upwards of one hundred pounds a year, and the poor incumbent being driven forth among his personal friends, quite unconnected with the parish, to make up the deficiency!”

The effect of the revised code would be to reduce the pay and the social grade of the national teacher; it would be to repress the present tendency of improved national school discipline to raise the character of education for the higher classes of society; it would be, in short, to put the clock back four or five hours because it is as many minutes slow; to throw the cards up in a winning game, out of wrath at the loss of a trick; not to cut off the nose to spite the face, but to chop off the head to spite the nose.

There are a dozen good ways of enforcing first attention to essentials. No forfeitures or penalties would be thought harsh in the case of a school that set show before substance in its elementary training; but let us not be afraid of giving, at the same time, the best help we can offer to the minds of those children of honest parents who are least favoured by fortune. Even if we thus enable D of the national school to rise in life above C of the village private school, so let it be. C is exactly where he would have been, while D’s advance is so much power secured for his country. In a few generations, inequalities in life that cannot be avoided, and that belong to the working out of every great principle, will have corrected themselves, and we may hope that our country will thrive on the blessing of a wide and general diffusion of well-trained intelligence throughout the land.

#### RABBI BEN EPHRAIM’S TREASURE.

##### I.

THE days of Rabbi Ben Ephraim  
Were two score years and ten, the day  
The hangman call’d at last for him,  
And he privily fled from Cordova.  
Drop by drop, he had watch’d the cup  
Of the wine of bitterness fill’d to the brim;  
Drop by drop, he had drain’d it up;  
And the time was an evil time for him.  
An evil time! For Jehovah’s face  
Was turn’d in wrath from His chosen race,  
And the daughter of Judah must mourn,  
Whom His anger had left, in evil case,  
To be dogg’d by death from place to place,  
With garments bloody and torn.  
The time of the heavy years, from of old  
By the mouth of His servant the Prophet foretold,  
In the days of Josiah the king,  
When the Lord upon Jacob his load should bring,  
And the hand of Heaven, in the day of His ire,  
Be heavy and hot upon son and sire,



Till from out of the holes into which they were driven

Their bones should be strown to the host of Heaven  
Whose bodies were burn'd in the fire.

Rabbi Ben Ephraim, day by day  
(As the hangman, beating up his bounds  
Thro' the stifled Ghetto's sinks and stews,  
Or the arch inquisitor, going his rounds,  
Was pleased to pause, and pick, and choose,  
—Too sure of his game, which could not stray,

To miss the luxury of delay)  
Had mark'd with a moody indignation  
The abomination of desolation,  
With the world to witness, and none to gainsay,  
Set up in the midst of the Holy Nation,  
And the havoc which Heaven refused to stay  
In the course of his horrible curse move on,  
Where, sometimes driven in trembling crews,  
Sometimes singly one by one,  
Israel's elders were beckon'd away  
To the place where the Christians burn the Jews:  
Till he, because that his wealth was known,  
And because the king had debts to pay,  
Was left, at the last, almost alone  
Of all his people in Cordova,  
A living man picked out by fate  
To bear, and beware of, the daily jibe,  
And add the same to the sum of the hate,  
Made his on behalf of a slaughter'd tribe.

## II.

In the gloomy Ghetto's gloomiest spot,  
A certain patch of putrid ground,  
There is a place of tombs: Moors rot,  
Rats revel there, and devils abound  
By night, no cross being there to keep  
The evil things in awe: the dead  
That house there, sleep no Christian sleep—  
They do not sleep at all, it is said;  
Tho' how they fare, the Fiend best knows,  
Who never vouchsafes to them any repose,  
For their worm is awake in the narrow bed,  
And the fire that will never be quenched is fed  
On the night that will never close.  
There did Rabbi Ben Ephraim  
(When he saw, at length, the appointed measure  
Of misery meted out to him)  
Bury his books, and all his treasure.  
Books of wisdom many a one—  
All the teaching of all the ages,  
All the learning under the sun  
Learn'd by all the Hebrew sages  
To Eliphaz from Solomon;  
Not to mention the mystic pages  
Of Nathan the son of Shimeon  
The Seer, which treat of the sacred use  
Of the number Seven (quoth the Jews  
"A secret sometime filch'd from us  
By one call'd Apollonius"),  
The science of the even and odd,  
The signs of the letters Aleph and Jod,  
And the seven magical names of God.  
Furthermore, he laid in store  
Many a vessel of beaten ore,  
Pure, massy, rich with rare device  
Of Florence-work wrought under and o'er,  
Shekels of silver, and stones of price,  
Sardius, sapphire, topaz, more  
In number than may well be told,  
Milan stuffs, and merchandise  
Of Venice, the many times bought and sold.  
He buried them deep where none might mark  
—Hid them from sight of the hated race,

Gave them in guard of the Powers of the Dark,  
And solemnly set his curse on the place.  
Then he saddled his mule, and with him took  
Zillah his wife, and Rachel his daughter,  
And Manassah his son; and turn'd and shook  
The dust from his foot on the place of slaughter,  
And cross'd the night, and fled away  
(Balking the hangman of his prey)  
From out of the city of Cordova.

## III.

Rabbi Ben Ephraim never more  
Saw Cordova. For the Lord had will'd  
That the dust should be dropp'd on his eyes before  
The curse upon Israel was fulfill'd.  
Therefore he ended the days of his life  
In evil times; and by the hand  
Of Rachel his daughter, and Zillah his wife,  
Was laid to rest in another land.  
But, before his face to the wall he turn'd,  
As the eyes of the women about his bed  
Grew hungry and hard with a hope unfed,  
And the misty lamp more misty burn'd,  
To Zillah and Rachel the Rabbi said  
Where they might find, if fate turn'd kind,  
And the fires in Cordova, grown slack,  
Should ever suffer their footsteps back,  
The tomb where by stealth he had buried his wealth  
In the evil place, when in dearth and lack  
He fled from the foe, and the stake, and the rack:

## IV.

"A strand of colours, clear to be seen  
By the main black cord of it twined between  
The scarlet, the golden, and the green:  
All the length of the Moorish wall the line  
Runs low with his mystic serpent-twine,  
Until he is broken against the angle  
Where thin grizzled grasses dangle  
Like dead men's hairs, from the weeds that clot  
The scurfy side of a splinter'd pot  
Upon the crumbled cornice squat,  
Gaping, long-ear'd, in his hue and shape  
Like a Moor's head cut off at the nape.  
The line, till it touches the angle follow,  
Take pebbles then in the hand, and drop  
Stone after stone till the ground sounds hollow.  
Thence walk left, till there starts, to stop  
Your steps, a thorn-tree with an arm  
Stretch'd out as tho' some mad alarm  
Had seized upon it from behind.  
It points the way until you find  
A flat square stone, with letters cut.  
Stoop down to lift it, 'twill not move  
More than you move a mountain, but  
Upon the letter which is third  
Of seven in the seventh word  
Press with a finger, and you shove  
Its weight back softly, as the south  
Turns a dead rose lightly over:  
Back falls it, and there yawns earth's mouth;  
Wherein the treasure is yet to discover,  
By means of a spiral cut down the abyss  
To the dead men."

## V.

When he had utter'd this  
Rabbi Ben Ephraim turn'd his face,  
And slept.

## VI.

The years went on apace,  
Manassah his son, his youngest born,  
Trading the isleted sea for corn,

Was wreck'd and pick'd up by the smuggler boat  
Of a certain prowling Candiot;  
And, being young and hale, was sold  
By the Greek a bondsman to the Turk.  
Zillah, his wife, wax'd white and old.  
Rachel, his daughter, loved not work,  
But walk'd by the light of her own dark eyes  
In wicked ways for the sake of gain.  
Meanwhile, Israel's destinies  
Survived the scorching stake, and Spain  
At length grew weary of burning men,  
When hunger'd, and haggard, and gaunt, these two  
Forlorn Jew women crept again  
Into Cordova; because they knew  
Where Rabbi Ben Ephraim by stealth,  
When he turn'd his back on his own house-door,  
Had buried the whole of his wondrous wealth  
In the evil place; and they two were poor.

## VII.

So poor indeed, they had been constrain'd  
To filch from the refuse flung out to the streets  
Mid the rags and onion-peelings rain'd  
Where the town's worst gutter's worst filth greets  
With his strongest gust and most savoury sweets  
Those blots and failures of Human Nature,  
Refused a name in her nomenclature,  
That spawn themselves toward night, and bend  
To finger the husks and shucks heap'd there,  
The wretched, rat-bitten candle-end  
Which, found by good luck, they had treasured with  
care

Not a whit less solemn than tho' it were  
That famous work of the son of Uri,  
The candlestick of candlesticks,  
—He the long-lost light of Jewry,  
Whose almond bowls and scented wicks  
Were the boast of the desert, and Salem's glory  
Of the knops and flowers, with his branches six!  
For this impoverish'd, curtail'd, flaw'd,  
Maltreated, worried, gnaw'd and claw'd  
Remnant of what perchance made bright  
Once, for laughter and delight,  
Some chamber gay, with arras hung,  
Whose marbles, mirrors, and flowers among  
A lover, his lady's lute above,  
To a dear dark-eyelash'd listener sung  
Of the flame of a never-dying love,  
—Little heeding, meanwhile, the fitful spite  
Of the night-wind's mad and mocking spright,  
Which stealthily in at the lattice sprung,  
And was wrying the taper's neck apace,—  
Must now, with its hungry half-starved light,  
Make bold the shuddering flesh to face  
The sepulchre's supernatural night,  
And the Powers of the Dark keeping guard on the  
place.

## VIII.

And, when to the place of tombs they came,  
The spotted moon sunk. Night stood bare  
In the waste unlighted air  
Wide-arm'd, waiting, and aware,  
To horribly hem them in. The flame  
The little candle feebly gave,  
As it wink'd and winced from grave to grave,  
Went fast to furious waste; the same  
As a fever-famish'd human hope  
That is doom'd, from grief to grief, to grope  
On darkness blind to a doubtful goal,  
And, sway'd by passion here and there  
In conflict with some vast despair,  
Consumes the substance of the soul

In wavering ways about the world.  
The deep enormous night unfurl'd  
Her banner'd blackness left and right,  
Fold heap'd on fold, to mock such light  
With wild defiance; no star pearl'd  
The heavy pall, but horror hurl'd  
Shadow on shadow; while for spite  
The very graves kept out of sight,  
And Heaven's sworn hatred, winning might  
From earth's ill-will, with darkness curl'd  
Darkness, all space confounding quite,  
So to engender night on night.

## IX.

"Rachel, Rachel, for ye are tall,  
Lift the light along the wall."  
"Mother, mother, give me the hand,  
And follow!"  
"What see ye, Rachel?"

## X.

## A strand

Of chorded colours, clear to be seen  
By the main black dominant, twined between  
The scarlet, the golden, and the green.

## XI.

"Rachel, Rachel, ye walk so fast!"  
"Mother, the light will barely last."  
"What see ye, Rachel?"

## XII.

## Things that dangle

Hairy and grey o'er the wall's choked angle  
From something dull, in hue and shape  
Like a Moor's head cut off at the nape.

## XIII.

"Once! twice! thrice! . . . the earth sounds hollow.  
Mother, give me the hand, and follow."  
"Rachel, the flame is backward blowing,  
Pursued by the darkness. Where are we going?  
The ground is agroan with catacombs!  
What see ye, Rachel?"

## XIV.

## Yonder comes

A thorn-tree with a desperate arm  
Flung out fierce in wild alarm  
Of something which, it madly feels,  
The night to plague it yet conceals.  
No help it gets tho'! An owl dash'd out  
O' the darkness, steering his ghostliness thither,  
Pry'd in at the boughs, and pass'd on with a shout  
From who-knows-whence to who-knows-whither:  
The unquiet Spirit abroad on the air  
Moved with a moan that way, and spent  
A moment or more in the effort to vent  
On the tortured tree which he came to scare  
The sullen fit of his discontent,  
But, laughing low as he grew aware  
Of the long-already-imposed despair  
Of the terrified thing he had paused to torment,  
He pass'd, pursuing his purpose elsewhere,  
And follow'd the whim of his wicked bent:  
A rheumy glow-worm, come to peer  
Into the hollow trunk, crawl'd near,  
And glimmer'd awhile, but intense fear  
Or tame connivance with something wrong  
Which the night was intending, quench'd ere long  
His lantern. Therefore the tree remains,  
For all its gestures void and vain,  
Which still at their utmost fail to explain  
Any natural cause for the terror that strains

Each desperate limb to be freed and away,  
In sheer paralysis of dismay  
Struck stark,—and so, night's abject, stands.

## XV.

"Mother, the candle is cowering low  
Beneath the night-gust: hoop both hands  
About the light, and stoop over, so  
The wind from the buffeted flame to shut,  
Lest at once in our eyes the darkness blow."  
—"What see ye, Rachel?"

## XVI.

A square stone cut  
With letters. Thick the moss is driven  
Thro' the graver's work now blunt and blurr'd:  
There be seven words with letters seven:  
A finger-touch on the letter third  
Of seven in the seventh word,  
And the stone is heaved back: earth yawns and  
gapes:  
A cold strikes up the clammy dark,  
And clings: a spawn of vaporous shapes  
Floats out in films: a sanguine spark  
The taper spits: the snake stair  
Gleams, curling down the abyss laid bare,  
Where Rabbi Ben Ephraim's treasure is laid.

## XVII.

There, they sat them down awhile,  
With that terrible joy which cannot smile  
Because the heart of it is staid  
And stunn'd, as it were, by a too swift pace.  
And the wicked Presence abroad on the place  
So took them with awe that they rested afraid  
Almost to look into each other's face.  
Moreover, the nearness of what should change,  
Like a change in a dream, their lives for ever  
Into something suddenly bright and strange,  
Paused upon them, and made them shiver.  
The old woman mumbled at length: "I am old:  
I have no sight the treasure to find;  
I have no strength to rake the red gold;  
My hand is palsied, my eye is blind,  
Child of my bosom, I dare not descend  
To the horrible pit!" And Rachel said:  
"I fear the darkness, I fear the dead;  
But the candle is burning fast to the end:  
We waste the time with words. Look here!  
There rests between us and the dark  
A few short inches. . . . Mother, mark  
The wasting taper! . . . I should not fear  
Either the darkness or the dead,  
But for certain memories in my head  
Which daunt me. . . . We will go, we twain,  
Together." The old woman cried again:  
"Child of my bosom, I will not descend  
To the horrible pit—and the candle-end  
Is burning down, God curse the same!  
I am old, and cannot help myself.  
Young are ye! What your beauty brings  
Who knows? I think ye keep the pelf,  
Ye will let me starve. So the serpent stings  
The bosom it lay in! Are ye so tame  
Of spirit? I marvel why we came.  
Poverty is the worst of things!"  
Rachel look'd at the dwindling flame,  
And frown'd, and mutter'd, "Mother, shame!  
I fear the darkness, because there clings  
To my heart a thought, I cannot smother,  
Of certain things which, whatever the blame,  
Thou wottest of, and I will not name;  
For my sins are many and heavy, mother.  
Yet because I hunger, and still would save

Some years from sin, and because of my brother  
Whom the Greek man sold to be slave to a slave  
(May the Lord requite the lying knave!),  
I will go down alone to the pit.  
Thou therefore, mother, watch, and sit  
In prayer for me, by the mouth of the grave  
The light will hardly last me, I fear,  
And what is to do must be quickly done.  
—Mercy on us, mother! . . . Look here  
Three inches more, and the light will be gone!  
Quick, mother, the candle—quick! I fear  
To be left in the darkness alone."

## XVIII.

The mother sat by the grave, and listen'd.  
She waited: she heard the footsteps go  
Under the earth, wandering, slow.  
She look'd: deep down the taper glisten'd.  
Then, the voice of Rachel from below:  
"Mother, mother, stoop and hold!"  
And she flung up four ouches of gold.  
The old woman counted them, ouches four,  
Beaten out of the massy ore.  
"Child of my bosom, blessed art thou!  
The hand of the Lord be yet with thee.  
As thou art strong in thy spirit now,  
Many and pleasant thy days shall be.  
As a vine in a garden, fair to behold,  
Green in her branches, shalt thou grow  
And so have gladness when thou art old.  
Rachel, Rachel, be thou bold!  
More gold yet, and still more gold!"  
"Mother, mother, the light burns low.  
The candle is one inch shorter now,  
And I dare not be left in the darkness alone."  
"Rachel, Rachel, go on! go on!  
Of thee have I said, She shall not shrink!  
Thy brother is yet a bondaman—think!  
Yet once more,—and he is free.  
And whom shall he praise for this but thee?  
Rachel, Rachel, be thou bold!  
Manassah is groaning over the sea,  
More gold yet, and still more gold!"  
"Mother, mother, stoop and hold!"  
And she flung up from below again  
Cups of the carven silver twain.  
Solid silver was each great cup.  
The old woman caught them as they came up.  
"Rachel, Rachel, well hast thou done!  
Manassah is free. Go on! go on!  
Royal dainties for ever be thine!  
Rachel's eyes shall be red with wine,  
Rachel's mouth shall with milk be fill'd,  
And her bread be fat. I praise thee, my child,  
For surely thou hast freed thy brother.  
The deed was good, but there resteth another,  
And art thou not the child of thy mother?  
Once more, Rachel, yet once more!  
Thy mother is very poor and old.  
Must she close her eyes before  
They see the thing she would behold?  
More gold yet, and still more gold!"  
"Mother, the light is very low.  
The candle is well-nigh wasted now,  
And I dare not be left in the darkness alone."  
"Rachel, Rachel, go on! go on!  
Much is done, but there resteth more.  
Ye are young, Rachel, shall it be told  
That my bones were laid at my children's door?  
More gold yet, and still more gold!"

"Mother, mother, stoop and hold!"  
The voice came fainter from beneath;  
And she flung up a jewell'd sheath.  
The sheath was thick with many a gem;  
The old woman carefully counted them.

"Rachel, Rachel, thee must I praise  
Who makest pleasant thy mother's days.  
Blessed be thou in all thy ways!  
Surely for this must I praise thee, my daughter,  
And therefore in fulness shalt thou dwell  
As a fruitful fig-tree beside the water  
That layeth her green leaves over the well.  
More gold, Rachel, yet again!  
And we shall have houses and servants in Spain,  
And thou shalt walk with the wealthiest ladies,  
And fairest, in Cordova, Seville, or Cadiz,  
And thou shalt be woo'd as a Queen should be,  
And tended upon as the proud are tended,  
And the algazuls shall doff to thee  
For thy face shall be brighten'd, thy raiment be  
splendid,

And no man shall call thee an evil name,  
And thou shalt no longer remember thy shame,  
And thy mother's eyes, as she waxes old  
Shall see the thing she would behold—  
More gold yet, and still more gold!"

"Mother, the light is very low—  
—Out! out! . . . Ah God, they are on me now!  
Mother" (the old woman hears with a groan),  
"Leave me not here in the darkness alone!"

The mother sits by the grave, and listens.  
She waits: she hears the footsteps go  
Far under the earth,—bewilder'd—slow.  
She looks: the light no longer glistens.  
Still the voice of Rachel from below,

"Mother, mother, they have me, and hold!  
Mother, there is a curse on thy gold!  
Mercy! mercy! The light is gone—  
Leave me not here in the darkness alone—  
Mother, mother, help me and save!"

Still Rachel's voice from the grave doth moan.  
Still Rachel's mother sits by the grave.

#### PET PREJUDICES.

I HAVE a crying grievance against fate and circumstance, and one for which I see no hope or remedy. I am perpetually doomed to listen to the pet prejudices of unphilosophical people—I, who have none of my own, or at least so faint and few, that they can scarce be called prejudices at all—I, who boast of being cosmopolitan, unsectarian, and rigidly just and impartial—I, who hate nothing and nobody, and want only to be allowed to believe that most men are heroes and all women angels, and that the chief duty we have in life is to love one another as hard as we can, and suspect no evil anywhere. Yet here I have been associated, I may say from my birth, with prejudices of a decidedly antagonistic and unpleasant character, and for ever doomed to listen to heresies which afflict my sense of justice and disturb my sense of right, and which call for emphatic but useless remonstrance against their bigotry and injustice. Now, is it not distressing to be always in opposition when one only asks to sail down with the tide smoothly, and give no offence to mouse or man?

There was my poor old father, as kind-hearted and compassionate a man as ever lived, yet who had the most perverse and unreasoning hatred to France, and who would, I believe, have disinherited any of his daughters who had so far departed from the virtue of womanhood as to marry a Frenchman. Not an honest man was there in France, according to him; nay, not even a brave one, "for ferocity is not bravery, sir," he would say, settling his powdered Prince Regent wig with the air of a man who has propounded an unanswerable syllogism. "Virtue! pah! were there not Pompadours and Du Barrys to give the measure of *that*?" And as for the youth of the country—the less said about them the better, seeing that there was no domestic life, and that there were no family ties, and that filial respect and paternal affection were dead letters, and that the modesty and reverence of youth were unknown. In fact, according to him, the whole population was given up to corruption and uncleanness, and it was ever a matter of pious wonder and puzzled faith that they were suffered to exist at all, and not swept clean away out of life and history by human wrath and heavenly vengeance united.

Of the French revolution, it was dangerous to speak. At the mere mention of the time or any of the actors therein, though usually so genial and good natured, he would become violently agitated, and empty out such a vial of high church indignation as it is not often given to laymen to be acquainted with. For once in his life my father joined hands with the Romish Church, and, to better abuse the revolutionists, took even the priests and abbés of the Regency under his wing. This little bit of official sympathy used always to amuse me—it was so naive and thorough. One of my elder brothers was at that time an ardent Jacobin. He had a small medallion of Robespierre, by David, hanging up in his room, and a classic-looking bust, which he called Brutus, standing on the shelf above his bed, and he learned whole passages of Rousseau's Social Contract off by heart, and scored all the prayers for the king and royal family out of the prayer-book—whereby he made it an unsightly-looking thing enough—and would have had a universal guillotine for the especial benefit of all crowned heads whatsoever: in short, he was in the full fever of the republican frenzy, and just as unreasonable in his way as my father was in his. But he was young, high spirited, and as beautiful as an Apollo, so got condonation for his follies from most people. But when he and my father foregathered together, and the dreaded topic came "upon the carpet," as it always did somehow, our drawing-room was converted into a temporary Bedlam: while words more graphic than courteous, and epithets both unfilial and unclerical, made the air loud and heated for a couple of hours or so. Indeed, we often did not know how this discussion on the rights of man and the divine appointment of law would end, for both were passionate, and of dangerous facility of muscle. My poor father! I think I hear him now, with his deep sonorous voice—



the accent just a trifle strained and pedantic, but not more so than besemed one of his years and profession—talking down that fiery son of his by sheer force of lungs, and when he had reduced him to silence, from despair of being heard, winding up with a triumphant peroration that nearly drove him mad.

I am sorry to say my father was not singular in his pet craze; nor has he died without inheritors. There are other of my friends with whom the French are no greater favourites than they were with him, and who are not a whit less intolerant. One, a kind soft-hearted fellow, who never said No to a suppliant in his life, and who only lives to do good to others (he is quite a fortune to the beggars of his district, and pensions all the crossing-sweepers for a couple of miles round), belies his better nature, and makes a moral hybrid of himself by perpetually abusing those unfortunate men and brothers of ours across the Channel. A French word in a page of English writing makes him furious; the mention of a French virtue maddens him like a bit of scarlet-rag trailed before a bull; he takes it as a personal insult, as well as a foul slander, on the whole English nation, if any one assumes for the French the least superiority, moral, social, or intellectual, over ourselves; and when he comes to an article in the newspaper or a magazine favourably treating of them in any aspect, he either flings the book down with disgust, or discontinues his subscription to the work. "Mounseer," as he calls him, is as contemptible as he is dangerous, fit only to make ragouts out of old shoes, or to dance fandangos on the tight rope, like his cousins the monkeys; but Mounseer as one of the European families is a decided mistake, and the sooner he is cleared off the face of creation the better for all honest folk remaining. Another friend, more philosophical than the last, and with more show of reasoning, but no easier to convince, calmly argues from their history and their own authors against their truth, probity, honour, virtue, modesty, domesticity, religiousness, and every other attribute of a reclaimed humanity. He listens to my counter-statements with imperturbable equanimity, then quietly tells me I know nothing of the subject, and that I argue like all emotional people with my heels in my head and my heart turned upside down. A third, in a fine, cheery, manly voice, like drops of bright rich wine, rolls out a volley of the laughing satires of long ago, the chief of which is, that he "hates the French because they are all slaves and wear wooden shoes;" while a fourth, an uncompromising republican of Puritan descent, grimly declares them utterly debased from head to heel, and would as soon see his daughter standing at the door of a casino as suffer her to set foot on Gallic ground. The two circumstances, indeed, would mean the same condition in his mind.

But the cream of the jest is, that all these worthy people—very worthy indeed in their way, and highly estimable in their several spheres—know about as much of France by

personal knowledge as they do of Timbuctoo. One has been to Boulogne for twelve hours, where he starved himself because he would not eat their—expletive—messes, sure that he would have horse, or dog, or frog, or madame's worn-out kid slipper in disguise; another went over to Paris for eight days in '48; while the remaining two of the quartet have never been there at all, and never owned a French friend here in England. I, on the contrary, have lived in the country, and have had many friends and acquaintances there; but when I would bring my more extensive knowledge to bear upon the subject, I am put down as a denationalised Briton, and contemptibly unpatriotic, because I contend that they are as good as ourselves in some things, and better too, though of course inferior in others, according to the way of mankind. But chiefly because I contend that they have family affections like other folk, and understand the value of home, and that parents and children are closely knit together as is the manner even of the monkeys, and that all French wives do not love other women's husbands, nor all French men other men's wives, am I scouted and abhorred, and set down as the preacher of dangerous doctrines. "A daff preacher-monkey," says my republican friend, looking up under his eyebrows, after the third glass of whisky.

Now, I ask a candid public, Who is in the right, my prejudiced friends or I?

Why are all people in such extremes? Is there no safe walking in the Middle Way, as the Latin Grammar used to teach us, or must we of necessity go either by the crag or the ditch? For my part, I like the crown of the causeway best, and avoid the gutters and the mud-heaps that always lie along the line. There was my father again—what business had he in that narrow rut of party intolerance, whence he could see nothing of the country beyond, and nothing of the other side? And why did he not turn higher up into the broad Middle Way, whence he could take in the best of both? He was a tremendous partisan in his time, and allowed no good thing to rise out of the Nazareth of his abhorrence. "Demagogues, sir—demagogues! In the days of Pitt, they would have been hanged as high as Haman," he would say of any of our leading Liberals. And he believed that Pitt would have done righteously and well in the hanging. He upheld the doctrine of Divine right, but refused even the award of good statesmanship to Cromwell, while believing that Charles I. was the holiest martyr that ever stained the cruel axe with blood. On the other hand, my republican friend, buried in his especial rut, will believe in no virtue of any kind in kings, queens, and princes. To be crowned is, with him, to be irredeemably bad; but to be a republican includes a roll-call of virtues, which, for the most part, I am sorry to say, are mere apocrypha, unsupported by historic proof. Thus, according to him, Marat was a conscientious friend of the people—the best that France ever knew; Robespierre was generous, and not cruel; the September massacres a merciful decree; and

though the scandal of the *Parc aux Cerfs* is true, whatever M. Capéfigue may say to the contrary, every story of revolutionary excess and fury is a calumny, which makes him pale with bitterness and wrath to hear. His young daughter of seventeen refuses to sing the National Anthem, but would trill out the *Marseillaise* willingly enough, if her voice would carry her so far; and his young son, yet in his teens—the one being about as wise as the other—desires to see a republic in Russia, and a free press in Turkey, popular representation in China, and a return to the Commonwealth in England; and all together think me a recreant to the cause of human progress because I do not join them in their aspirations. And when I meekly insinuate that I think freedom and self-government, like everything else of value, matters of steady growth, and not of eccentric bounds, and that the nations which thus endeavour after perfectness by leaps, and not by slow and sure climbing, often miss their footing midway, and fall back to a lower platform than before, I am set down as one of the lukewarm abhorred, good only for burning in the sacred fire of liberty, and to be made into bone-dust for the advancement of the human species.

Another, whom I call my ascetic friend, an admirable fellow in the main, is rich in many kinds of prejudice. He repudiates all things new and unusual, and rails against every fashion until obsolete, when, his eye having become accustomed, he mistakes use for liking, and declares that nothing was ever so becoming, and asks why cannot people be content with good forms when they have got them? He has a prejudice against dancing, as utter foolishness; against low necks in women, as sinful and dishonest; against theatres, as mere tinselled gewgaws, nowise useful to the soul or instructive to the brain; he disclaims the need of pleasure for man, and despises the lovers of enjoyment; but specially is he prejudiced against all matters of taste and artistry, if different from his own teaching, honestly convinced that nothing which he himself does not practise can be right, for he attained the ultimate possible of his generation twenty years ago. The consequence of all which is, that my ascetic friend is notorious for about the stoutest prejudices a man can wear, and is famous for wearing them in their most aggressive shapes and unbecoming mode. But this is a reputation which he rather likes than not.

Then there are people who care only for what is old and bygone—for old times, old pictures, old lace, old china, old manners—and who will not admit that the newer day has run the slightest thread of gold through her fustian; who even uphold the ancient persecutions and cruelties, as evidence of more earnest thought and more firm faith than we degenerate moderns possess; and who, not content to deny that the present has made an inch of real progress, sturdily affirm that we have gone back and not forward, and that if the millennium is to come by man's walking, it will come in the way

of the crabs—that is, by diverging angles. Sometimes these bigots of the past meet with their antipodes in the violently self-satisfied moderns, who see no good whatever blossoming on the graves of a generation since, and who despise all old things, no matter what; who assert that Parian is more beautiful than Sèvres, and a Royal Academy Exhibition worth all the churches and galleries in Italy; to whom Raphael is a muff, and Claude a dauber; to whom the Greeks are barbarians, and the Romans uncivilised; to whom, in a word, the whole world before their personal advent, was in a state of darkness and disaster. These are the people to whom their own fathers are obsolete, and their grandfathers unworthy of discussion, who measure both value and liking by their own familiarity, and because a thing is past or unaccustomed, condemn it as, in consequence, unworthy and of no account. When these two sections meet, there is rare fun for bystanders; but I never found much good in arguing with either. It seems strange to me that they cannot see the good, and accept it too, of both sides; but then my ascetic friend tells me that laxity is looseness, and latitudinarianism the land lying without the pale of salvation; and that I am eminently unprincipled, and that I sail over the sea of life without rudder, ballast, or a pole star. It may be so; but yet I prefer my freer steering.

Who is without prejudice of some shape or other? There are some who have a prejudice against all writers as a class, but against the newspaper press and *Our Own Correspondents* in hostile supremacy; others have a prejudice against all people without a family pedigree, and cannot be brought to believe in virtue which has not blood to cement it. There are some who abjure cold water as the bane of human health and strength, and others who cannot believe in either under any other system than the hydropathic; some people put an almost religious reverence in homeopathic globules, and others bind up their salvation (and your destruction) with spiritualism and revivals. Some men deride the volunteer movement as a piece of national fanfaronade, supported by vanity and ostentation; others question a man's manliness and courage unless he is enrolled; some believe the priesthood to be the centre of all virtue, others hold a man capable of every vice if he has put Reverend before his name. I know a whole family, of very decided, but somewhat ferocious Christian conversation (so *they* call it, but *I* don't), who scout the idea of any uncommon morality, and who believe that if a person is specially virtuous in any direction—as, for instance, if more than ordinarily kind, or generous, or considerate—it is all from selfish calculation, and unseen purpose in the depths, and who lately insulted a lady because she had been kind and considerate to their child, and who wanted to know what she meant by it, and whether she did not think their affection enough? There are many people of this stamp, but they are not comfortable animals to deal with.

What can be done with such disastrous pre-

judices? If one combats them, they get strength from opposition; if one leaves them alone, they root themselves deeper and deeper in the soul. What can we do but walk steadily along that broad central path—that crown of the causeway—which I hold to be the noblest strip in all the road, looking lovingly on the golden fields and mellow harvests lying beyond the ruts on either side, and hopefully to the great temple of truth whose spires flash in the sunlight on the distant horizon, and in the inner court of which, let us pray, all ways may converge and be united? If we are so minded, we can get good even out of our neighbours' prejudices, learning at least what to avoid, if not what to imitate. Wherefore, here is a hand of brotherhood to the French, in spite of the frowns of my four dissentient friends, and a decided preference for rose-water and honey to vinegar and gall. What do you say, neighbour?

## DRIFT.

## WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

EDWARD THE CONFESSOR, during his exile in Normandy, made a vow he would make a pilgrimage to Rome, in honour of St. Peter, should he be restored to his kingdom. But as his clergy and nobles refused their consent to his going, when he was safely on his throne, a dispensation releasing the king from his vow was obtained from the Pope (Leo IX.), on condition that a monastery be built in honour of St. Peter. The king then began the restoration of the WESTMINSTER of London, in the year 1050, or thereabouts, and the church was said to have been the first church in the shape of a cross in England. One of the MSS. of the time of Henry III., in Mr. Luard's Lives of Edward the Confessor, gives an elaborate description of the building. The extract touching the Abbey is in the curious Norman French called the *Langue d'oïl*, and the translation which here accompanies it corresponds line by line with the original text:

Atant ad fundé sa iglise  
De grantz quareus de pere bise;  
A fundement le e parfund,  
Le frunt vers orient fait rund,  
Li quarrel sunt mut fort e dur,  
En miliu dresee une tur,  
E deus en frunt del occident,  
E bons seinz e grantz i pent;  
Li piler e li tablementz  
Sunt riches defors e dedenz,  
A basses e a chapitraus  
Surt l'ovre grantz e reaus,  
Entailliez sunt les peres  
E aestoirés les vereres,  
Sunt faites tutes a mestrie  
De bone e leau menestrançie;  
E quant a acheve le ove,  
De plum la iglise ben cove,  
Cloistre i fait, chapitre a frund,  
Vers orient, vouse e rund,  
U si ordene ministre  
Teignent lur secret chapitre;  
Refaitur e te dortur,  
E les officines en tur.

Bons maneres, terres, e bois,  
Dune, eunferme demanois,  
E sulum sun grant s'en devise  
A sun muster reau franchise;  
Moinnes i fait acueillir,  
Ki bon quor i unt de Deu servir,  
E met l'ordre en bon estat,  
Suz seint e ordeine prelat,  
E nombre de euvnt receit  
Sulum l'ordre de Saint Beneit.

Now he laid the foundations of the church  
With large square blocks of grey stone;  
Its foundations are deep,  
The front towards the east he makes round,  
The stones are very strong and hard,  
In the centre rises a tower,  
And two at the western front,  
And fine and large bells he hangs there;  
The pillars and entablature  
Are rich without and within,  
At the bases and capitals  
The work rises grand and royal,  
Sculptured are the stones  
And storied the windows,  
All are made with the skill  
Of a good and loyal workmanship;  
And when he finished the work,  
With lead the church completely he covers,  
He makes there a cloister, a chapter-house in front,

Towards the east, vaulted and round,  
Where his ordained ministers  
May hold their secret chapter;  
Refectory and dormitory,  
And the offices in the tower.  
Splendid manors, lands, and woods,  
He gives, confirms the gift at once,  
And according to his grant he intends  
For his monastery royal freedom;  
Monks he causes there to assemble,  
Who have a good heart there to serve God,  
And puts the order in good condition,  
Under a holy and ordained prelate,  
And receives the number of the convent  
According to the order of St. Benedict.

So desirous was Edward of rendering the Abbey almost unique in its attractions, that he endowed it with relics, in those days beyond all price. Among these were to be noted: "part of the place and manger where Christ was born, and also of the frankincense offered to him by the Eastern Magi; of the table of Our Lord; of the bread which he blessed; of the seat where he was presented in the Temple; of the wilderness where he fasted; of the gaol where he was imprisoned; of his undivided garment; of the sponge, lance, and scourge with which he was tortured; of the sepulchre, and cloth that bound his head; and of the mountains Golgotha and Calvary; great part of the Holy Cross, enclosed in a certain one, particularly beautified and distinguished, with many other pieces of the same, and great part of one of the nails belonging to it; and likewise the cross that floated against wind and wave over sea from Normandy hither with that king. Many pieces of the vestments of the Virgin Mary; of the linen which she wore; of the window in which the angel stood when he saluted her; of her milk, of her hair, of her shoes, and of her bed;

also of the girdle which she worked with her own hands, always wore, and dropped to St. Thomas the Apostle at her assumption; of the hairs of St. Peter's beard, and part of his cross."

### LOST IN THE JUNGLE.

WE sailed from England in May, 18—, and after a prosperous voyage of four months, landed at Bombay. Our destination was about a hundred miles up the country, to Poonah, the capital of the Deccan; but we remained at the presidency for a few days, in the Queen's barracks, and in that time managed to have a good look round the fort and the bazaars. This was our pastime by day; at night we wandered over Dungaree-green, or danced at Portuguese Joe's. Everything appeared strange and wonderful, more especially the different costumes of the people, which made the scene keep ever changing. For, here were to be seen, not only natives, but also Chinese with their flat faces and long tails; Parsees, in their white dresses and shining oilskin caps; Beloochees from Northern India, with their long black hair and wild looks; Jews from Arabia; Caffirs from the Cape; Bedouin Arabs; all mingling peaceably together—to say nothing of the ram-sami houses, their priests and fakers, their dancing and music, and the beggars who ride on horseback.

The first day's march was to Panwell, a village about twelve miles from Bombay. It was the commencement of the monsoon, so marching was far from pleasant, especially as most of us soldiers were without shoes, light clothing, beds, or blankets. Some had bought white trousers on landing, but they were the exception, not the rule; however, what with the rain which poured steadily down upon us, and the state of the road which was then intersected about every quarter of a mile by a water-course from two to four feet deep, through which we had to wade, it was of no consequence whether our trousers were good, bad, or indifferent, and boots or shoes would have been of little use.

As we always marched some three or four hours, before daybreak, we could see but little of the difficulties of our path, and being young and strange to the country, we had no idea of the danger we incurred in such weather. We laughed at everything: at our tumbling in holes, at our bad shoes, at our being drenched to the skin, at some of our officers because they had bought tatoos and rode, and at others because they hadn't and walked. We took small care of ourselves, eating and drinking whatever we fancied; and I have often thought since, that, under Providence, we owed to this very carelessness the few casualties by sickness we had upon that seven days' march; for, although we were nearly eight hundred strong, fresh to the country, and, above all, marching in rain and through water, lying in wet clothes on damp ground, yet we only lost two men from cholera. A deal of credit was due, however, to the colonel, who had always the commissary and cooks sent on the night before, so that on our arrival in camp

a ration dram of arrack and a hot breakfast awaited us.

The incident I am to relate, happened at Khandalla, our third day's march, a place well known to all sportsmen in the Bombay presidency. It is situated at the top of the Bhoze Ghaut, one of the range of mountains which traverse Western India from north to south, and which range at this part separates the fertile Deccan from the no less fertile Concan. The sea-breeze can be felt here in all its freshness: and this, combined with the beautiful romantic scenery, and the lofty rugged hills, causes it to be not only the most picturesque, but the most delightful encampment on the road.

It wanted still half an hour of daybreak when we reached the bottom of the ghaut, the road to the top of which is cut out of the side of the mountain. It is a very steep zig-zag narrow path, and we were cautioned to keep close in to our right, as a step or two to the left would have taken us a short cut down to the bottom. For a wonder, it did not rain, and we had ascended about half way when the sun rose; all above was distinctly visible, but beneath all was still dark and desolate. This, however, was not of long duration; as the sun got higher and higher, the shadows below rolled gradually away and disappeared; then was exposed to our view, one of the grandest and loveliest of scenes. On all sides thousands of cascades, sparkling like crystal in the sunbeams, leaped, dashing and dancing down the face of the ghaut. The dewdrops on the leaves glittered like diamonds. Everything looked healthy and refreshing; trees were in blossom; birds of the most beautiful plumage fluttered around; and from far in front we could hear our band playing a cheerful heart-stirring tune. All this combined, was such a relief to the dull dreary marching of the few hours previous, that we stepped on with increased vigour, thinking mighty little of the bad road we had traversed, or the bad weather we had endured.

On arriving at our destination, it took us but a short time to pitch our tents; of course, our breakfast followed; and then some of us started off for a stroll, while others lay down for a nap. At dinner-time we were amused by hearing one of our sergeants, who had just returned from an exploring expedition, relate his adventures in what was considered by his audience rather a marvellous style. When he finished, a laugh went round at his account of the perils and hair-breadth escapes he had had; which nettled him, for he threw down two rupees, offering them to any man who would descend the ravine in front, and gain the summit of a precipice which was apparently not more than half a mile from where we sat. This challenge was promptly accepted by Pat Flanagan and Dennis O'Hallaran, who, just as they were, without either shoes or caps, started off to attempt the feat.

It was about two o'clock, and as the place seemed so near, we fully expected that they would not be gone more than a couple of hours. We looked out for their appearance on the appointed pinnacle; but three hours and



more passed without our expectations being realised. We now supposed that they had failed in their attempt, or had gone farther afield in another direction, yet felt little or no uneasiness about them; but when another hour had elapsed, and the shades of night began to close, an uneasy feeling crept over us all. A tiger-trap was only a few yards from our tent, so our first dread was that they had fallen a prey to some wild animal, or had tumbled into a ravine, or over a precipice. While we were yet discussing these apprehensions, the sun had nearly gone down, and as the twilight is but short in the tropics, we had resolved to start in search of the missing men, when O'Hallaran was desisted slowly returning. Seeing that one was safe, all our sympathies were now about the other, and poor Dennis was assailed on all sides with questions as to what had become of his companion. To our astonishment and surprise, he declared that he knew no more about him than we did. "He and I parted," he said, "shortly after starting, taking different routes, and having agreed that whoever got to the point first should wait for the other." O'Hallaran had been unsuccessful in his attempt, and had consequently returned, expecting to have found Flanigan at home before him.

It was by this time quite dark, and the greatest apprehension was felt by all as to the probable fate of the missing man. The officers now heard of the affair, and, under a vague idea that he might have lost himself, about one hundred of the regiment, officers and men, descended the gorge with lanterns. This attempt was dangerous by daylight even, therefore much more so at night; for none of the natives would, for love or money, lead; they certainly followed, but even that was cautiously done. And so we had to find our way as we best could, sliding, slipping, stumbling, and tumbling, until we reached the bottom: fancying all the time that every bush contained a tiger, and that every stone hid a cobra di capello; for what could be expected from griffins like us? And when we had got thus far, what more could be done? Our lanterns but barely made the darkness visible, in a spot where the sun's rays had never reached. But all the little that we could do, we did; bugles were sounded, pistols fired, and men shouted until they were hoarse—all fruitlessly. After each sound or shout we waited for a reply, but none came to gladden our expectant ears; no faint halloo answered; all was as still as death. After remaining there nearly two hours, we were obliged to retrace our steps, with the sorrowful conviction that our poor comrade had come to an untimely end.

With a good deal of trouble we got back the way we came, and to our tents: where, as a matter of course, all the talk was about Flanigan. Some one now discovered that every regiment or detachment that had ever lain at this place had lost one or more men by tigers. We were then new in the country, and all the tales we had ever heard or read of those creatures came to our recollection. And such stories were

told that night of their daring and determined character, that few were inclined to sleep, and one or two objected to lying next the door of the tent.

We marched the following morning to Carlee, leaving a sergeant and six men to prosecute the search after Flanigan by daylight; but although they looked everywhere, they gained no tidings of him. The party overtook us at night, and, on hearing of their ill success, we gave up all hope. Somehow, a suspicion had been gaining ground that he might have met his death by the hand of his comrade. "They might have quarrelled," said some, "and an unlucky blow might have proved fatal." So every one began to look coldly upon O'Hallaran, and this he could not but observe; for, if it was not openly expressed, it was strongly hinted; and thus, between the loss of his companion and the suspicious looks of his comrades, the poor fellow seemed like one out of his senses.

We next reached Wargum, where a court of inquiry was ordered to assemble, to report on the disappearance of private Flanigan. Just as the proceedings of the court had terminated in its returning him missing, there was a noise and uproar in the camp; all hands turned out to see what was the cause, when, to our surprise and great joy, we saw four men lifting Flanigan, all alive and hearty, though apparently hurt, out of the mail-cart. The first to shake hands with him was O'Hallaran, who, crying and laughing by turns, was accosting all the men who stood round with "Sure, and now did I kill him?"

Flanigan was taken to hospital, where his right foot was discovered to be cut dreadfully, and so inflamed and swollen that it was doubtful for some time whether it would not have to be amputated; but eventually it got quite well. It was rather remarkable that he would give us but little information about the accident; in fact, he always avoided the subject. It was not until years afterwards, and when we were encamped again upon the same spot, that I heard him relate his adventure. I will endeavour to give his narrative as nearly as possible in his own words:

"When Dennis and I parted, I took what seemed to be the nearest road, but which in reality turned out to be the longest and most difficult. It was the most tumble-down path that ever I traversed, at one time going down the nearly perpendicular side of a water-course, and of such a steep descent that one false step would have finished my wanderings. I had to scramble here and there with only a shrub or tree-root to sustain me, and these gave way pretty often; but I always managed, as one failed, to lay hold of another, and, struggling on in this manner, I at last reached the bottom of the rock, the summit of which was my goal.

"On casting my eyes upward I now perceived the difficulty of the task I had undertaken, and hesitated to ascend. Above was a perpendicular rock of great height, the only apparent way to the top of which was a narrow footpath, some ten or twelve inches wide, which, winding to the left up the face of the precipice, seemingly

led to the summit. Underneath this, ran a mountain stream, swollen by the rains to the size and velocity of a river. I could now perceive that the trial was very hazardous; but I had gone too far to return, and what I dreaded most was the jeers of my comrades at my unsuccessful attempt. The only word for me was 'Forward!' and so I began to scramble aloft, cautiously, however, and clinging close to the rock, walking on step by step, looking upwards—I dared not look down. In this manner I had got about half way, when I came to an obstacle. About six feet of the path had given way. I was now nearly suspended. To return was impossible; to go forward apparently the same. I bitterly repented having come on the expedition, or of having left O'Hallaran, and I would have given all the world to have been back once more safe in my tent. What made my situation seem more terrible was the comparative silence, and the absence of all human sympathy, for nothing could be heard but the rushing of the waters far below. If I could only but clear the gap, all might yet be well. Above my head and within reach of my arm, the branch of a small tree hung temptingly, and I decided at last to swing myself across by that. I tried it well, too well perhaps. Then, holding my breath, I made the spring; my left foot had just touched the opposite side, and in another moment I should have been safe, when snap went the twig, and down I fell, crashing through the roots and shrubs which partly covered the face of the precipice. I could not have been more than a few seconds in falling, yet in that short space of time all the principal events of my life seemed to pass before me; I also thought of my body striking the rocks and bounding from one side to the other, and that I should be dead before I reached the bottom. All this and more flashed with inconceivable rapidity through my brain—when my foot struck on something. I felt a sharp pain, and then found myself whirling round and round like an egg-shell among rushing turbulent waters, which carried me onward with great swiftness. I had just sense and strength enough to strike out for the side (luckily I could swim well), which I reached exhausted. I managed to crawl out, and then observed that in my right foot there was a severe cut, from which the blood flowed plentifully. I felt deeply thankful to a merciful Providence for having thus saved me from a violent death, but had only got a few yards from the water-side when I fainted. Then for a time all was quite blank, though I fancied I heard sounds. They may have been the pistols or the bugles, or, more probably, the noise of the rushing waters near me.

"I have no idea how long I lay in that condition. All I know is, that when I came to myself I found that the rain had ceased, and that the sun was high. I lay musing for a long time. At first I had no pain; I was barely conscious of being awake and having a pleasant dream-like feeling over me; the sun was shining, the birds were singing, and the waters ran merrily past me in their course, and to a tune

which seemed in harmony with the waving boughs of the trees. But recollection came at last, and with it pain. I looked at my foot, and found that the bleeding had stopped (but the wound was large, deep, and jagged), and that it was swollen to thrice its proper size. Fortunately I had got out of the stream at the side next Khandalla.

"As I lay considering what to do, I was obliged to come to the conclusion that while I remained where I was, I should have but a poor chance of being seen by any one—my only hope—for the stream had carried me down farther into the jungle, and far from any track except the tracks of wild animals, and I could not repress a shudder when I thought of them. Knowing that my only safety lay in action, I commenced crawling in the direction of the village. My progress, of course, was slow, and being very weak, I was obliged to stop often to rest myself; as I was doing so, all at once I observed an animal creeping crouching towards me; it came nearer and nearer, and its flashing eyes were fixed on mine. My blood ran cold as the idea forced itself on me that it was a tiger, and I gave up hope. I recollected, however, having heard of men escaping from those animals by feigning death, and, acting on the thought, I turned myself flat on the ground with my face downward. In this way I lay for a few seconds, which at the time appeared hours, and this suspense I could not bear: so, raising my head a little and looking over my arm, I carefully watched the wary advance of my antagonist. Closer and closer he came, frequently halting, and then I perceived that it was no tiger, but a hyæna. This was a little relief certainly, but, in my weak state, I should have been an easy prey to a wild cat. He was close to me, and his breathing was fearfully distinct; presently a shiver ran through my frame, when I felt his nose touch my body, as he began smelling me all over. I think it was despair that kept me quiet, as I lay quite still until he came to my head; but when I felt his cold nose touch my ear, I sprang up and gave a yell that might have been heard for a mile. At this, the brute, as much frightened as I was, wheeled round, and charging down the hill, disappeared in the jungle. When he was out of sight, I breathed freely again; but the excitement had been too much for me, and, falling to the ground, I swooned away.

"I lay thus until the following morning, and I suppose it was the screeching of the parrots and the chattering of the monkeys, who were swinging and gambolling in the trees above, that caused me to awake. I could now find that I was much weaker than on the previous day, for what with loss of blood, want of food, and exposure to the weather for two days and nights, I could scarcely move. But when I thought of my fate, 'lost in the jungle,' where, if not found soon, I must be devoured by wild beasts, or, failing that, die of hunger, I resolved to struggle on. So on I went, managing somehow or other to get along—crawling as before.

"I remember losing my belt, in the pocket of which was about ten rupees\* (it slipped from round my waist), and I might by simply extending my arm have recovered it, but it did not cost me a thought; had there been five hundred times as much in it, I am certain the result would have been the same; all I cared about, was to get forward. So I crawled along, slowly and with difficulty, yet persevered until I reached a level piece of ground, where some buffaloes were feeding. I looked anxiously about, vainly hoping to see a human being, but was disappointed. At this moment a buffalo desecrated me, who engaged my attention for the next ten minutes. Approaching within a dozen yards of me, he began lashing his tail and tossing his head. To distract his attention, I laid hold of a stone, and, making a great effort, stood up, and attempted to throw it at him. God help me! it fell at my feet; I was quite powerless. This seemed only to enrage the animal more, for he tore up the ground with his horns, and in all likelihood I should have been the next object for him to tear up, had not a black chokra (boy), who now luckily saw my predicament, run towards us, driven him off, and saved me.

"Upon discovering that I was an English soldier, he ran off to Khandalla, and in a short time returned with assistance. I was very carefully taken up and carried to the accommodation bungalow, where two European gentlemen, travelling dawk down country, had just arrived. The natives had already explained to them all about me before I was brought in, and then, Indian like, set to, jabbering round about me all at once. The two Englishmen cleared the place of them, and, in the spirit and with the manner of true Samaritans, washed my foot, bathed it with brandy, dressed it, got me food and drink, gave me a change of clothes, paid my fare by dawk on to where the regiment was, and, at parting, in a truly delicate and considerate manner slipped five rupees into my hand. I shall never, while I live, forget their kindness, and I have regretted ever since that I did not ask those gentlemen their names. But I was too feverish and troubled to think of inquiring.

"I overtook the regiment that afternoon, and was taken to hospital, where I lay for months before I recovered."

#### COTTON CULTIVATION IN BENGAL.

SINCE the beginning of the present year, cotton has engrossed the attention of the British Indian government. With an uncommon promptitude, it is exerting itself, to the utmost extent compatible with the financial means of the country, towards facilitating an immediate increase of the production of cotton, as well as towards improving the means of bringing the

\* Eight years afterwards, when passing the place on the march, Flanigan went to see where he fell and where he had lain. He tracked right up, and, strange as it may appear, he found his belt and money where he left them. Probably, no human being had been on that spot since.

product to shipping ports, in order to maintain the activity of Manchester and the manufacturing towns in Yorkshire. In a recent speech delivered in this country, Mr. Laing, the chancellor of the Indian exchequer, frankly acknowledges the existence of serious difficulties in the way of the Indian supply ever rivalling the annual supply from America; but he still holds out the hope that the Indian government will continue its efforts towards making England as much independent of America in the supply of cotton as possible.

It has been said that the Indian cotton is inferior to that of America; that the present estimated annual production of the former is only 2,500,000 bales, being 1,500,000 bales less than what is consumed in England itself; and that it will take too long a time to facilitate the means of transport in India. But it has not been satisfactorily proved that these defects are irremediable. A superior mode of cultivation may improve both the quantity and quality of Indian cotton.

From the earliest ages, India has supplied the finest muslins, made of her own cotton, to various civilised nations. Not to refer to the Book of Esther (ch. i. v. 6), where the Sanskrit word *karpas* (for cotton) occurs, it is pretty well known that Indian muslins were used in Europe in the first century after Christ. The "serice vestes," so highly valued by the ladies of Imperial Rome, were made of Indian cotton. The author of the "Periplus of the Erythrean Sea" mentions the extreme fineness and transparency of the muslins of India. Two Mahomedan travellers of the ninth century corroborate the above statement. They say: "In this same country (India) they make cotton garments in so extraordinary a manner that nowhere else are the like to be seen. These garments are, for the most part, round, and wove to that degree of fineness that they may be drawn through a ring of middling size." Further, the *abroan*, or "running water," the *shubnem*, or "night dew," and various other so-called fine cloths, the delight of the females in the household of Mahomedan emperors, were also produced in India.\*

Undoubtedly, the best muslins used to be manufactured in Dacca only; but those of other parts of India were quite good for ordinary purposes. There is no intelligible reason why India should not retain, or rather regain, her position as a cotton-producing country. If she had not a rival in America, and if planters had been encouraged instead of having been snubbed and libelled, the commerce of India in cotton would have been in a very different condition to-day. In March last, the writer passed through the district of Burdwar, in Bengal. He made many inquiries respecting the mode of cotton cultivation, and a brief sketch of their results is now offered to the reader.

The seeds of cotton collected from previous crops, and intended to be sown, are picked with care and dried in the sun. They are kept

\* Taylor's Topography of Dacca.

stopped up in a vessel, generally an old receptacle of oil or clarified butter, and hung up to the roof of the hut used as a kitchen. Before the approach of the month of Aswin (September-October), the proper time of planting, the seeds are steeped in water for several days, and are then sown in some rich manure: generally, the bedding of cowhouses. When the blades appear, the plants are removed to the ground already prepared. High lands are chosen for the crop, and are ploughed crosswise from eight to twelve times until they present a level surface. The plants are then set in regular rows, distant about two cubits from each other. The labour of four men is necessary to the planting of one *biggah* (one-third of an acre) in one day. The plants grow to the height of from three to three and a half feet, their branches spread each way from one to one and a half feet, the roots going to a depth of the same extent, and reaching sidewise the length of from nine inches to one foot. In the months of December and January, the labour of two men per *biggah* is employed in furrowing round the plants, and weeding. During the month of *Falgun* (February-March) the plants flower; and the crop is gathered during the months of *Vaishakh* and *Jaishttha*—in other words, from the latter end of April to the middle of June: May being usually the busiest month. Irrigation is resorted to when there is a paucity of rain; but, as a general rule, the plants are watered twice a month during March and April. The plants are not generally subject to any particular disease; though hailstorms during the approach of summer, and a kind of grub called *Lal-poka*, or “red insect,” sometimes injure them. A crop is estimated at from sixty to ninety *seers* (two pounds to the *seer*) per *biggah*; and the average proportion of wool to the seeds is as one to three nearly: the wool selling at less than ten *rupees* (a *rupee* equal to two shillings) per thirty *seers*. It has been estimated that more than three thousand *biggahs* of land are under cotton cultivation in Burdwan, while the annual produce realises about twenty-five thousand *rupees*.

The above statement is partly applicable to several other districts in Bengal, such as Hooghlee, 24 Perzunnahs, Baraset, &c. Content with what they have learnt from their ancestors, and wanting encouragement and example, the cultivators go on according to their old rude methods. It is more than probable that British skill can introduce many important improvements into the mode of cultivation. Nor are the people of India, at least of Bengal, unwilling to co-operate with the capitalists of Britain. Conversation with more than one *zemindar*, or landholder, and with several cultivators at different places, brought out the fact that they would gladly turn their whole mind to the cultivation of cotton if they were properly remunerated. The latter clause is italicised, because it is the writer's belief that the cultivators rarely get adequate remuneration when they are employed by Europeans, such as indigo planters. Not that the Europeans make a rule of not paying for the

work performed, but because their native servants deprive the cultivators of their due. These natives, as a class (whether they be in the employ of indigo planters or of *zemindars*, or even of government), may be characterised as: uneducated and unprincipled. It is from their intercourse with such natives that some English writers have unfortunately drawn their opinion of the national character. Gain (by whatever means it may be secured) is the all-absorbing object of their lives, and they never miss an opportunity of extorting money from the poor *ryots*. The *ryots* are a timid race of men, who seldom dare make any complaints, especially as the native officials take care to impress them with the falsehood that the *sahab* (meaning the European) is himself determined not to pay them more. Should any *ryot* ever venture to lay his grievances before a European planter, he is generally met with a *Chulla jao gadha!*—“Get away, you ass!” either because the European is duped by his wily servants, or because he thinks it inconsistent with his dignity to interfere with minor details: sometimes, perhaps, because of sheer idleness. The consequence is, that the *ryots* grumble, and blame their employers, and jog on.

What is the remedy for this evil? How ought the British capitalists to proceed with regard to the cultivation of cotton? The unprincipled *amlahs* should be as much dispensed with as possible. Employ educated natives, and ten to one they will prove themselves faithful both to their employers and the *ryots*. Give them decent salaries, and in the long run they will prove to be cheap. The educated men in Bengal being generally resident about towns, may not be familiar enough with the mufussil, or provincial affairs, to be at once perfectly useful; but their honesty and integrity will amply compensate for their lack of local knowledge, which they will soon acquire. Such employments will render the educated natives, the alumni of colleges and schools, far more useful to their country than they can now possibly be. These remarks are written by one of the Hindoo race, who confidently hopes and believes that if British capitalists will adopt proper methods for the raising of cotton in India, they will not only be able to invest their capital profitably to themselves, but will also be the instruments of conferring lasting benefits upon the people of that country.

#### PROFESSOR BON TON.

##### IN TWO CHAPTERS. CHAPTER THE LAST.

I AM happy to be able to state that the concluding portion of Professor Bon Ton's advice—that with which we have now to do—is devoted in great measure to the subject of morning calls, though I am sorry to say that the difficulties which some among us experience in getting through visits of ceremony are by no means likely to be lessened by the Professor's instructions. These are in the main confined to external matters, the taking of chairs, the re-



ceiving of the visitor, &c. The great difficulty of finding conversation, is not even touched upon in this section of our author's work.

True, the unhappy wretch who is bent on making a morning call is freely advised as to the hours at which he should or should not pay a visit, as to what he is to do when he is offered a chair, or when this civility is refrained from; in all these matters he is well prompted, but not a word of advice is given to him as to what, when once in his chair, he is to begin to talk about. I regret this the more, because there is an impression abroad that a much greater abundance and variety of subjects is introduced into French small-talk than is the case with us; and above all, that the French never talk as we do about the weather. If the conversation proper for morning calls had been mentioned by the Professor, depend on it he would have suggested that his pupils should begin with the weather. This topic is, indeed, largely discussed in France, and the only difference in this respect between the two nations seems to me to be, that the French do not pursue it and worry it with such fury and venom as we do. After a few remarks they let the weather alone, while we try back to last month, last spring, last winter, the winter before last, the thunderstorm before the one before last, and stick to it till it drops exhausted from our hands.

By far the most valuable, though most dispiriting part of Professor Bon Ton's treatise is that which relates to what he calls the "Exigencies of Society." It was when I came to the consideration of this particular section of the work, that I began to have doubts whether I should be acting wisely in having anything at all to do with a state of society whose "exigencies" were so many, and, as will presently appear, attended with such frequent demands upon the purse. The very first sentence of the opening chapter on the "Exigencies" is alarmingly expensive in its tone: "If you lose your fortune, retire from the world before the world has time to retire from *you*." And again: "The world has numerous exigencies which can only be satisfied by means of money." What these are, we shall not be long in finding out. "The exigencies," says our author, "of the New Year's Day Festival, require that on that occasion one should disburse in presents ten times the value of the dinners which one has received in the course of the year, under pain of being set down as a stingy wretch who knows nothing of life. As to other hospitalities of less value than dinners, such as invitations to balls, soirées, and the like, these you may repay with gifts of smaller price; but, remember, the more the gifts are valuable, the greater will be your reputation for amiability." It is agony to our Professor to have to fall into this dreadful fashion of New Year donations, and the following mode of getting out of the scrape, which he has doubtless tried himself, is given for the public benefit: "An absence," he says, "of a month from town (the month of January), it may be a real or a pretended absence, will hold you

absolved from all those exigencies, but you run the risk of being suspected of stinginess."

In going into this subject of the "Exigencies" more in detail, our Professor begins with those which are connected with drawing-room gambling. On this theme, Monsieur Bon Ton speaks very strongly. "Play," he says, "is the shame of our drawing-rooms, the vice of Bon Ton, the triumph of fools. Play is the gate by which all the ignoble passions find access into society—avarice, greed, and deceit."

"Play," he continues, "puts an end to all sense of shame, as will be seen by the fact that in some magnificent drawing-rooms it is considered the duty of the winner to put a certain sum under the candlestick, to pay for the price of the cards. It is true, however," the Professor adds, "that this ingenious mode of asking for alms only exists in the present day in certain salons, which are altogether behind the age."

The exigencies of play may be shuffled off by your declining to sit down to the table, but there are others connected with French life from which there is no such escape. There are some social ceremonies in which, if you are once involved, the "exigencies" are down upon you with a vengeance. A christening is one of these. Here is the author's view of the duties of a godfather:

"The office of a godfather is always an unpleasant one, because custom has really converted it into a species of tax.

"Unless you are very rich, or a near relative, or that circumstances oblige you to it, refuse in so many words the proposal that you should accept this function.

"There are certain fathers in this town (Paris) who only choose rich people as godparents to their children, that they may assure them a resource for the future.

"If your fortune is a limited one, refuse, for should you accept you will either be set down as a niggard if you make a small present, or a vain coxcomb, who is spending more than he can afford, if you make a large one."

The author then proceeds to show that it is not without reason that he gives all these cautions. If you accept the office you are in for the following donations:

"You owe, first of all, a present to the mother of the child. You should inform yourself clandestinely beforehand what will be acceptable to her—a bracelet, for example, or some other article of jewellery. In lower life, a box of very choice bonbons might be considered a sufficient present.

"To the godmother, you must present from six to a dozen pairs of white gloves, in addition to boxes of sugar-plums in sufficient quantities to enable her to be liberal with them among her friends. If she is young, you will add a bouquet of orange, or other white flowers; and if you unite with them some fashionable knick-knack, the whole will be well received.

"The godmother may refuse everything else but the bouquet and the sugar-plums. If she accepts the other offerings of the godfather, it

may be construed into her accepting him as a suitor; while, if after accepting these gifts, she in turn sends a present to the godfather, it is looked upon as the indication of a marriage engagement.

"The godmother is expected to present the mother of the child with an elegant box of baby-linen.

"The godfather must be the great distributor of sugar-plums; of these he must provide himself with at least twenty boxes.

"Those sugar-plums must never be presented in a paper bag, but in decorated boxes, or at the very least in elegant and gilt cornucopias.

"The sugar-plums given to the servants may be in cornucopias.

"The monthly nurse and the child's nurse are each to receive a box of sugar-plums.

"When the ceremony is over, the godfather gives to the priest a box of sugar-plums, containing, besides, certain gold or five-franc pieces. After which he puts his hand into his pocket and furnishes with donations—First, the beadle; secondly, the sexton; thirdly, the chorister boys; fourthly, for the support of the church; fifthly, the poor who are in waiting outside the church.

"After the whole of which," continues our author, whose stinginess makes him almost humorous when it is a question of parting with money—"after which, you will be provided with a godson to whom you will convey a New Year's gift every year till he gets to be old enough to come himself and ask you for one."

We in England groan, and with some cause, over that inevitable knife, fork, and spoon, in a morocco case, which hovers before the mind's eye of the godfather from the moment he has consented to "accept office;" but what is that single compact donation, once made and over, to the endless demands which the French godparent has to meet? There is no more remarkable instance of foreign greed than is shown in this rapacity for gratuities. It might, indeed, seem at first that there was some show of liberality in all this making of presents, and that no one individual can be a gainer by it, because he in turn will have to "come down handsome" at some time or other; but this is hardly the case. The people who have made the laws are the heads of families, and they get the benefit of them, and, *holding the keys of social life*, may exclude from "society" all those who will not pay the imposts which society demands.

The "exigencies" connected with marriage seem less expensive than those we have just considered. They press, however, somewhat heavily on the liberty of the young couple. The honeymoon is by no means to be passed in retirement. Society has its hold upon them, and will not relax it.

"The newly-married pair owe a visit in the course of the fortnight to their relations, and to the guests who were invited to the wedding.

"The other friends and acquaintances will receive letters of acknowledgment.

"The wedding guests will, in the course of

the week following the visit of the married couple, return their call."

The other directions as to the conduct of the wedding ceremonial are very meagre, and as to what takes place at church and at the "mairie" there are none at all. The author is rather morose on this matter. "These wedding ceremonies," he says, "are the ruin of the poor, and the triumphs of vanity with the rich."

Professor Bon Ton has more to say on the subject of morning calls, the view he takes of such visits being, however, formidable in the last degree. There are few people, even in our own less ceremonious country, who look upon morning calls with much complacency. Those who pretend that they don't mind them are not to be trusted. There is no better way of forming an opinion as to the real effect of an anticipated call on the human mind than to take a walk during "the season of the year" down Harley-street, or along any of the fashionable streets in other parts of the town, and study the appearance and bearing of any gentleman whom you may catch in the act of making a call. Observe him on the door-step after he has knocked and before the door is flung open. Is that man at ease? Certainly not. There is no ordinary man (unless he is over fifty and very fat, but not always even then) who can *keep still* at such a time. He will turn rapidly about after knocking, and, grasping his chin, will look up at the sky, as if profoundly interested in the weather. He will look down and dust an imaginary speck off his waistcoat. He will revolve once or twice, and glance nervously down the outside seam of his trousers, straightening the limb as he does so. Depend on it, when you see a man conducting himself thus, he is not at his ease. I have even seen (but this was in Dorset-square only) a miserable wretch in this predicament, who so far lost himself as to take aim from the door-step at a certain sparrow with his umbrella, used gunwise. It was but the action of a moment—the desperate action of one trying to appear at ease—but it spoke volumes to a reflective mind. Of those gentlemen who, when they have knocked, stand with their backs to the door, poisoning themselves on their heels on the remotest verge of the step, it is not necessary to speak; they are without control over their actions, and may be consigned to oblivion in company with the gentleman who occupies himself, while waiting for admission, in chipping away with the point of his umbrella the loose bit of stucco which has begun to peel off by the side of the servants' bell.

Mark our man again when the door is at length answered. Mark the sudden way in which he turns round, and the unnatural key in which he inquires whether Mrs. Tangleweb is in her lair? If your eyes were bandaged do you think you would recognise in that sharp cry of agony the voice of your friend Twitchee? Surely not.

Observe, again, the almost inexplicable appearance of relief with which Twitchee learns that

Tangleweb is not at home. Observe how quick he is with his card; how hurriedly he makes away from the house, fearful of being sent for back again; how nervously he looks about him, in an agony lest he should meet his tormentor in the street, and be dragged back after all. As to Twitcher's position when calling with the intention of leaving a card, the door suddenly opens, and the family appears going out for a walk, so that Miss Tangleweb receives the suddenly proffered card in her own fair hand—as to this state of things, there are some misfortunes too serious to be turned into a joke, and this is one.

But I must leave for the present my own observations on these matters, and return to the strictures of Professor Bon Ton, who, while we have been lingering on the door-step, is fairly inside and full of information as to how I am to behave when I find from the porter that Madame Toile d'Araignée is absolutely *à la maison*.

"There are," says our Professor, "two kinds of visits: those which are undertaken without any particular object, and those for which there is some special reason. The last are indispensable among people who know how to behave themselves; the first are only permissible among relatives and intimate friends, though there are certain unmitigated idlers who pay such visits with no better excuse than the miserably trivial one of asking after one's health.

"It is unnecessary for me to say," continues Bon Ton, "that you must never present yourself on the occasion of a call except in correct costume. Among relations and intimate friends, the frock-coat may be allowed, but everywhere else the black coat, and the complete toilet to correspond, are indispensable.

"A visit received ought to be returned in all cases in which this is possible, unless, indeed, there is a great disproportion in rank between the persons.

"In official life an inferior is not to expect that his superior will return his call.

"Never pay a visit at an inopportune moment, such as the hours devoted to breakfast, to dinner, or to work. The evening is, all things considered, the fittest time. At Paris, visits are received from eleven o'clock in the morning till nine in the evening.

"Visits form a tie holding society together, which tie you cannot break without breaking also with society itself."

Having thus dealt with the subject generally, the author comes down to more particular matters.

"The most indispensable visits are the following: Visits on New Year's Day; visits of *digestion*—that is to say, those which you owe after receiving an invitation, whether or not you have accepted it; and those for which there is a special reason—namely, some event, such as a birth, a death, a marriage, an increase or a loss of fortune, &c.

"A visit of ceremony should never last more than from ten to fifteen minutes, unless under very extraordinary circumstances. You may in-

deed remain five minutes longer, if you are pressed to do so."

Here follows a suggestion to which the reader's attention is especially invited, as it seems to be based on profound observation and knowledge.

"If in the course of your visit you see the master of the house pull a paper from his pocket, begin to hunt for something in his desk, look up at the clock; if he has an absent appearance; if he *twiddles his thumbs*, drums on the floor with his foot, or takes up the tongs to mend a fire which stands in no need of such attentions,—if he does any of these things, or anything else of the same kind, take my advice and be off at once, even if you have only been five minutes in the house.

"The supreme art of making visits is to know when to depart. In the case of visits of ceremony, the shortest are the best.

"The precise moment when you begin to feel bored is the moment when you are beginning to bore others. Retire.

"If it should happen that your visit seems to give pleasure, you may remain *two minutes* longer than you had intended.

"In the case of a visit, after having received a letter announcing some important event, it is necessary that you should know how to arrange your physiognomy in accordance with the character of that event. In all such cases model your countenance on that of your host."

Our Professor is evidently not favourable in any case to a free and easy style of conducting the affairs of life; but in connexion with morning calls he is especially rigid and severe:

"To enter a room without being announced, though you are in the position of a brother, an uncle, or a cousin-german, is to be guilty of an action that is simply brutal.

"If you find no one in the ante-room to introduce you, knock lightly, and wait a considerable time for some one to open the door for you, unless, indeed, you are called to from within to enter. If after waiting some instants there is no answer, the position becomes extremely embarrassing. Among friends your best way is to enter the room and wait till some one comes, and either puts you politely out of doors, or asks you to be good enough to wait.

"Among simple acquaintances, if you are not answered you had better retire, and in mere discretion abstain from asking the porter whether the individual to whom you paid the visit was at home or not."

An excellent rule follows soon after the above. There could hardly be a better instance of the different estimation in which business is held here and abroad, than will be found below. The "man of letters" mentioned by the Professor would assuredly in England have been a "man of business."

"If you call upon a man of letters and find him at work, retire on the instant without even waiting to wish him 'good day;' you may cause him otherwise to lose the chain of his ideas, which may involve the losing of a whole chapter. Your visit can only put him out."

Here, again, is a rule worth knowing:

"If in the absence of a drawing-room you are received in the bedroom when you pay a visit, by no means allow yourself to place your hat upon the bed; among the middle classes this is looked upon as an absolute outrage to the lady of the house.

"If a baroness (of recent date) should, under such circumstances, take your hat from off the bed and place it elsewhere, you may feel quite sure that there has at some time been a porter's wife in her family. You should not, however, run the risk of being so dealt with, unless, indeed, you want to investigate in this way the lady's birth and breeding."

In the case of calls of ceremony, the visitor is bound, it appears, to go into the room in a very bare and empty condition:

"In a visit of state you must leave your paletot, your cane, and your hat in the ante-room; but in a common call you may simply divest yourself of your paletot, and may carry your hat and cane into the room with you. You should keep both of these in your hand till either the master or mistress of the house entreats you to lay them aside.

"If they fail to do so in the course of the first five minutes, it is a civil way of telling you that you may go."

This hat and cane are enough to drive the honest gentleman who is determined to guide himself by the laws of "Ton" completely out of his mind. We have not done with these wretched instruments of torture yet, for, supposing that the master or mistress of the establishment does entreat you to resign them,

"You must carry them yourself into the ante-room, unless a servant relieves you of them; you must not put them down on any article of furniture, while, if embarrassed to know how to dispose of them, you place them on the floor, your behaviour will be that of a country bumpkin."

The hat and stick finally disposed of, you must next mind what you are about in the matter of taking a chair. Woe to him who drops easily into the first seat that comes to hand!

"When you are requested to be seated, you must not expect that a chair shall be handed to you, you must yourself go and seek one and seat yourself in the particular spot that *your host indicates with his hand*. If no particular spot is so indicated, place yourself between the entrance door and the master of the house, and"—here comes the usual caution—"and take care not to stay too long."

It is impossible to deny that our Professor is strongly impregnated with self-interest.

"When you receive," he says, "a visit from a personage of rank, you must accompany him at his exit to the staircase; if you want to obtain some favour, go with him to the door of his carriage. The same act of politeness is due to ladies, even when you expect nothing from them,

and you should offer your arm as you descend the stairs.

"If you receive a visit, even though it should be from your creditor, assume a very gracious air, hasten to receive him at the door, entreat him to be seated, bring forward with your own hands a chair for him, and put it in the place of honour, that is to say, at the side of the fire."

With this injunction as to the etiquette between debtor and creditor, I must conclude my quotations from this remarkable volume. Enough insight into the etiquette of French society has been given to cause the reader to think twice before he ventures into it. The country where a morning call is such a serious affair as we have just seen it to be, must be an awful country! For my part, when I had exhausted Professor Bon Ton's advice, I became so convinced that if I attempted to mingle in Parisian circles I should make some tremendous mistake—put my hat down upon some wrong piece of furniture, commit some unpardonable offence with my paletot, outrage society with my umbrella, break down in the quantity or quality of my boxes of bonbons, be guilty of some unhallowed act with my napkin, forget whether I had been cautioned not to drink my soup out of the plate, or strongly recommended to do so—I was so terrified, I say, at the number of wrong turnings I might take, and the difficulty of pursuing the straight and upright path, that I determined to give the whole thing a wide berth, and, transacting what business I had to do, return to my native land, where people "wipe their knives and fingers upon pieces of bread," and where bonbons and Bon Ton are alike unknown.

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